FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM WASHINGTON)

Memorial Addresses

IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

AND

UNITED STATES SENATE

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Sixty-first Congress
Second Session

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
April 2, 1910

Compiled under the direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

WASHINGTON : GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1910

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page.
Proceedings in the House	5
Address of Mr. Humphrey, of Washington	9
Address of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois	17
Address of Mr. McCredie, of Washington	21
Address of Mr. Adamson, of Georgia	28
Address of Mr. Wanger, of Pennsylyania	33
Address of Mr. Poindexter, of Washington	37
Address of Mr. Morrison, of Indiana	40
Address of Mr. Hamilton, of Michigan	43
Address of Mr. Clark, of Missouri	48
Address of Mr. Lowden, of Illinois	50
Address of Mr. Knowland, of California	60
Address of Mr. Stevens, of Minnesota	63
Address of Mr. Wickersham, of Alaska	67
Address of Mr. Olcott, of New York	69
Address of Mr. Englebright, of California	81
Proceedings in the Senate	84
Address of Mr. Piles, of Washington	86
Address of Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana	92
Address of Mr. Clapp, of Minnesota	99
Address of Mr. Carter, of Montana	104
Address of Mr. Chamberlain, of Oregon	111
Address of Mr. Burkett, of Nebraska	115
Address of Mr. Burton, of Ohio	125
Address of Mr. Hughes, of Colorado	130
Address of Mr. Jones, of Washington	137

DEATH OF HON. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

THURSDAY, *July 8, 1909.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father in heaven, we come to Thee under the shadow of a great cloud, yet unshaken in our faith and confidence in Thy boundless love. Thou knowest how strong are the ties of friendship woven 'twixt the Members of this House, so when one is taken from our midst, though it is to a larger life in one of the "many mansions," our hearts are rent with grief. But we thank Thee, our Father, that we were permitted to know and love FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, one of nature's noblemen; strong, brilliant, versatile of mind; warm, loving, genial of heart; pure, spotless of character. He gave himself without reserve to his people, his State, his Nation, and leaves behind him an enviable reputation.

We can not solve the mysteries of life or death, but we can trust Thee; be this our solace; and may the hope which burns bright and beckons us onward to the realms of immortal life comfort the broken-hearted mother; the brother, who will miss the warm handclasp and the welcome voice; and, O Father, be Thou strength and comfort to the little woman who has walked faithfully by his side in the tender ties of wedlock, in sunshine and in shadow, in victory and in defeat, in joy and in sorrow; and bring us all together, we beseech Thee, sometime, some-

where, to part no more, and eons of praise we will ever give to Thee.

Behold, we know not anything;
We can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Mr. HUMPHREY, of Washington. Mr. Speaker, it is with deepest sorrow that I now perform my sad duty and announce the death of my colleague and my friend, the Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN. Here in this House, where he was greatly honored and esteemed, he had just entered upon his sixth consecutive term when the dread summons that must come to us all came to him. At some future time I shall ask that a day be set apart that fitting tribute may be paid to the life, character, and public services of this brilliant young man, who for many years with exceptional fidelity and distinguished ability served his State and country.

I now offer the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 86.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, late a Representative from the State of Washington;

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take charge of the body of the deceased, and to make such arrangements as may be necessary for the funeral, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House;

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate, and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased;

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 12 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, *March 8, 1910.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

Mr. HUMPHREY, of Washington. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Saturday, April 2, at 2 o'clock p. m., be devoted to exercises on the life, character, and public services of the late Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, a Representative from the State of Washington.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Washington asks unanimous consent that Saturday, April 2, at 2 o'clock, be set apart for memorial services on the life and character of the late Representative FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

SATURDAY, *April 2, 1910.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., as follows:

O Thou infinite and eternal spirit, God, our Father, whose omnipotent and omniscient love hast called us into being and filled us with an immortal soul. We bless Thy holy name that Thou hast hidden in every heart an ideal, which is ever struggling toward light and purity, that the good men do lives after them to inspire others; for all the world loves a good man.

We thank Thee that this deliberative body will pause and turn aside to-day from its arduous duties in memory of one who for many years occupied a conspicuous place as a Member of this House, and who by his genial character, devotion to duty, won for himself the esteem and love of all with whom he came in contact. What will be said of him will add nothing to what

he was, but we pray most fervently that this act of respect may add somewhat to our life and character.

Comfort and bless those who mourn him, and help them to look forward to a brighter realm, where they shall dwell with him forever. And everlasting praise be Thine, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Humphrey, of Washington, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Saturday, April 2, after 2 o'clock p. m., be set apart for eulogies on the life, character, and public services of Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, late a Representative from the State of Washington.

Mr. HUMPHREY, of Washington. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, late a Member of this House from the State of Washington.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. HUMPHREY, OF WASHINGTON

Mr. SPEAKER: I come here to-day to pay my tribute of love to the memory of him who was my colleague and my friend. He of whom we talk to-day has walked the way of all the world. He has reached the place where every path of life must end. He has crossed that unknown, silent, shoreless, sunless sea of death whose motionless bosom has never yet been shadowed by returning sail. Just when the sun was highest, just at noon, in the very zenith of his strength, just when his brilliant powers were greatest, when he had mounted high ambition's ladder, the dread summons came.

Again the question, Why should this splendid man, all equipped for life, be stricken in his strongest hour when the world was crying for his help, while the weak, the useless, and the burdensome remain? This question shall be asked and remain unanswered so long as life and love and death shall be. While we are bowed with grief at his untimely death let us hope that it was but the opening of the door to a wider world, a grander life.

We do not know; we can not tell whether life or death be the greater blessing. We do not know; we can not tell which is fortune's favorite, the dimpled babe that dies in the arms of love, or he who lives through the weary years bearing the burdens and the trials of life until the shadows have lengthened far toward the East.

For six consecutive terms FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN was elected a Member of this House from the State of Washington. Five

times from the State at large. The last time from the second district. No State ever had a more faithful Representative. No man ever to a greater extent commanded the confidence and the esteem of those he served. No request, however insignificant, but received his attention.

The relation of Mr. CUSHMAN, Mr. Jones, and myself was unusual and especially close. For six years we were the only Representatives from our State, and all were elected by the State at large, a condition without precedent in the history of the Republic. The interest of each was the interest of all. There was never the slightest misunderstanding, disagreement, doubt, or distrust among us. No three men ever worked in more perfect harmony or greater trust or with higher mutual confidence. During all that time our vote was never divided on a single important proposition. No act ever occurred to mar in the least degree the confidence that existed. Of this relation the Members of this House have often spoken in terms of appreciated praise. To the two who yet live the record of those years must ever remain a proud and precious memory, a recollection of an association as true, as close, as confidential as ever comes to men in public life. These men were more than colleagues. They had tried and trusted each other in all things. Only the awful shadow could break the sacred ties of this friendship. I have always believed that the people of Washington reaped a large reward from this harmonious action. They stamped it with approval by unanimous nominations and by elections practically without opposition, and by sending Mr. Jones to the Senate—an honor that they would undoubtedly have conferred upon Mr. CUSHMAN had he lived.

About Mr. CUSHMAN'S early life there was nothing prophetic of his future. In his youth he walked in the humblest ways. He knew what it was to be poor. He knew what it was to work

with his hands. He knew what it was to toil that he might eat bread. He knew the sting and spur and curse of poverty. He touched life on many sides. He traveled many paths. From these hard experiences and environments was made and molded that rugged character that met with unyielding courage all the duties and battles of a grandly successful life.

This bare-footed boy, working in the fields, dreamed dreams; his brain was filled with pictures, pictures of public life, of service to his country, of the Halls of Congress. Neither poverty nor adversity nor circumstance could shake the faith of this boy in these dreams. He set his face toward his goal and never did he for a moment turn aside or falter or grow faint or lose faith. This boy lived to have a reputation as wide as his country, to become the most popular man of a great State, a leader in the greatest body of men in all the world. He helped to shape some of the most important legislation that has been written on the statute books of his country for the last thirty years. And when he spoke it was "listening senates to command." He kept the faith. He fought the fight. He did the best that was within him, and greater than this no man can do. He died loved and honored by thousands. By his own unaided efforts, by his genius, by his industry, by his integrity, by his own work alone, he won success. His life is an inspiration and a star to every ragged boy whose heart throbs with ambition's hope.

This man was true in all the relations of life. He was true to himself, to his convictions, to his country, to his friends, and to those he loved. He lived a clean life. He did the right. He was not afraid. He walked with the conscious strength of honest purpose.

A more congenial, kindly, companionable soul never dwelt in human clay. Of all the many jewels that adorned the crown

of this splendid man, the most beautiful of all was his devotion to his mother. All the current of his life seemed to center around her. And fully was this devotion merited and returned. All great mothers do not have great sons, but all great sons do have great mothers. This is the law eternal, fixed by the Infinite Wisdom.

He was a man of undaunted courage. He never explained or apologized for his position. He never hesitated to give to speech what his heart believed. He never trimmed or evaded. When occasion demanded he was a superb fighter. In debate he was always an opponent to be feared. He tried his steel against the ablest in this House, and in all his long career no man met him in contest who did not bear the marks of the conflict. He made use of all the weapons of the orator, but sarcasm and invective he used but rarely.

In the marshaling of facts and in reasoning he was strong. In statement he was brilliant and original. In humorous illustration he stands among the greatest orators this Nation has produced. His stories were as illuminating as those of Lincoln. As a campaign speaker he was the peer of any man in the country. His retorts and witticisms left no sting. Many of his warmest friends in this House are those who have been the subject of his humor. Seldom, indeed, did he dip his shafts in poison. Strong and courageous as he was in debate, as determined and bold a fighter as he was, yet he was so generous and so fair that he never made an enemy. When he died every man in this House was his friend.

Every beat of his heart was patriotic. He loved his country with a devotion that was beyond all selfishness. With him his country's flag was always first. To him that flag was the emblem of highest human hope. To him that flag held the destiny of the race. This love of country was so marked as to

be noted by everyone who knew him well. His mother, so like the son, knowing what his dearest wish would be if he could speak, when her loyal heart was breaking with her great grief, wired to me:

Have FRANK'S casket wrapped in his country's flag.

And so it was, and so he was buried, as he had often asked to be, with the Stars and Stripes, his country's flag, about him.

This broad-minded, many-sided man was touched and charmed by the beautiful and grand in nature. He loved the fields and woods; especially did he love the shadowy depths of the trackless forests, the turbulent and dashing stream, with its placid pools, its foaming gorges, its wild rapids, and the solitude and grandeur of the great and rugged mountains. These ever brought to him recollections upon which he loved to dream and dwell.

He despised deceit and demagogy in every shape. Especially did he despise the indiscriminate vilification of public men. He knew that the unjust denunciation of the honest man often becomes the shield of the scoundrel. He knew that these attacks keep from public life many of the very men the Nation needs the most. He knew that an honest life is often no protection against the polluted lips of slander. He knew that too often the injury done to a public man by the publication of a lie can never be overcome. He knew that too often against these hired assassins of character the honest man is helpless. He hated these detractors of public men as traitors to his country.

He knew how to live and how to die. He met the responsibilities of life with confidence. He died without fear. His faith was not cramped or warped or dwarfed by any creed. His was the religion of life, not the religion of death. He believed in honest living, in good deeds. His was the religion of

joy and happiness, of sunshine and help. His was the religion of hope. He believed that no one truly lives who lives for self alone. He believed that—

> He's true to God who's true to man whenever wrong is done
> To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun.

When Love first looked upon the pallid face of Death, then first was born the hope of immortality. As the first death was, so the last shall be. Is nothing immortal? Is death the universal conqueror? Is the fate of man told by the sad song of the shepherd as he sings:

> Torn and bleeding he goes; and at last arriveth
> There where the pathway
> And his struggles alike have ending;
> Where yawns the abyss, bottomless, terrible—
> There he flings himself down, and findeth oblivion.

That the dead should live again is not more mysterious than that they have lived. That a time should come when we should cease to be is not more mysterious than that a time was when we were not. Death is not more mysterious than life.

> What means this infinite air, and what the depths of the heavens?
> What is the meaning of all this solitude boundless?
> And I, what am I?

Reason has robbed death of many of its terrors. Even if death shall be the end, who shall say which is best—life with its sunshine and shadows, its griefs and sorrows, its hopes and joys, its agonies and tears, or death with its perfect peace, its dreamless rest, its changeless eternity? We know that our loved ones dead shall never again feel the agonies of pain. Never again shall their eyes be wet with tears. Their hearts shall ache no more.

I sometimes feel that the constant presence of death makes us hold our loved ones closer to us here. I sometimes feel that death "treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds

of selfishness and hate." Does not the ever-present shadow of the parting make more true and holy the love we bear each other now?

Shall we meet again? Unless we do there can be no hereafter. Better oblivion, better the perfect peace, better the dreamless rest, unless we can know and be again with those we love and who love us. Through all the ages love has cried aloud this awful question, but through all the ages, from all the countless dead, there has come no reply.

The wisdom of all the ages has added nothing to our knowledge.

Mythology records that centuries before the meek and lowly Nazarene walked the earth and dwelt with the children of men, that the life of the young King of Argos was demanded as a sacrifice by the gods. As he was preparing to comply with that dread command, his young and beautiful wife, in the anguish and despair of her breaking heart, asked that dreadful question that has found an echo in every soul that ever lived and loved and saw their loved ones die, that question that will be asked as long as love and hope and life and death shall be, as long as love with breaking heart shall stand beside an open grave, "Tell me! Tell me! Shall we meet again?" He replied:

> I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
> That look eternal; of the flowing streams
> That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
> Amid whose field of azure my raised spirit
> Hath trod in glory; all are dumb, but now,
> While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
> I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
> Can never wholly perish. We shall meet again.

To that hope, to that belief the human soul will cling forever. So long as love shall live, so long shall hope hold out the promise of immortality. The belief of immortality is as deep as humanity, as eternal as the race.

I can not believe that the yearnings, the aspirations, the desires of the pure, noble heart will remain unsatisfied forever. I can not believe that the light of a grand and splendid intellect goes out in oblivion. I can not believe that the end of a great and fearless soul is eternal night.

> Behold, we know not anything;
> We can but trust that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last, to all,
> And every winter change to spring.

And now to him I loved, to him with whom I was so closely associated for so many years, farewell! Yonder in the beautiful city of Tacoma, in the shadows of the great forests, by the placid waters, surrounded by the rugged peaks white with the eternal snows, amid the surroundings he loved so well, he forever sleeps the dreamless sleep of perfect peace. He left to his country and to those he loved the priceless heritage of a noble life.

The last time we ever met in life, the last time our hands were ever pressed in friendship's sacred clasp, my parting words were, "Good-by, FRANK, until we meet again." And these shall be my parting words now and forever. Brave and generous soul, my colleague, my comrade, and my friend, good-by, "Good-by, FRANK, until we meet again."

Address of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: In the busy life here I have had no time to put in black and white fitting words of tribute to the memory of the late Representative Cushman; yet, having served with him during all his service in the House, my heart prompts me to say a word concerning our former colleague, his service in the House, his sturdy manhood, and invincible courage. I measure my words when I say that perhaps one of the most trying places in the country is to serve as a Representative in this House, the popular body, that comes in touch with the people every two years either for approval or disapproval. My observation in all Congresses in which I have served has been, as a general rule, Members who represent the people from time to time on both sides of the House come with a sincere desire to properly represent the constituencies that sent them, coupled with a wish also to represent truly all the people of the Republic in legislation that is to be enacted or defeated, according to the best judgment of the Representative or Representatives. There is, however, present with us a disposition to please the particular constituency whose power of attorney we hold, because to that constituency we are primarily accountable. This being a Government by a majority, through parties of almost equal strength, a change of 2 or 3 per cent from one party to the other makes a political revolution; so that not only have we present with us the patriotic purpose of serving the best interests of the country, but also the desire to be personally indorsed. At times there is great temptation to try to please the 3 per cent that may change, taking it for granted that the balance of the party constituency will be for us anyway.

I doubt if there is a man in the House that does not take an account of stock, if not every day, every week, of his Representative life, with a view not only to the good he has accomplished in his service, but also to his indorsement by his constituency.

Mr. CUSHMAN, I think, had as little regard for mere popular disapproval abounding in hysteria or based upon misinformation as any Representative within my knowledge. He was broad, patriotic, courageous, able. Sometimes in the contests in the House his tongue was sharp, abounding in sarcasm, but it did not give utterance to false statement, nor was it the servant of a malicious mind. He was not only patriotic and courageous, but a partisan. He had red corpuscles in his blood. Among men of many minds there have always been those who in public service were not very good legislators so far as the details of legislation are concerned, but who have found their sphere of usefulness in helping to make public sentiment. Mr. CUSHMAN had due regard for public sentiment. Sometimes he ran counter to it. He did not, unless it met his judgment, bow to it. He was one of those who, if he believed the public to be wrong, would do all he could to correct public sentiment—one who would say, "If I fail, I had better fail in a proper effort to correct wrong sentiment than to succeed through bowing to it."

As we all recollect, perhaps there never was a more courageous man upon the floor of this House than was FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN.

It was frequently said that he resembled Mr. Lincoln. He did. I was acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. In features, Mr. CUSHMAN resembled him. He had a history much like Mr. Lincoln's, if you make allowance for the times in which Lincoln lived and in which CUSHMAN lived. He was a son of toil, a child of poverty; not poverty crossed with wastefulness,

but a child of honorable poverty. Being good stuff, under the hand of necessity, whether on the farm or wherever he was, he was a breadwinner. He lived in the sweat of his face. We talk much about poverty. Where the poverty, so-called, is an honest poverty, where it begets industry, physical and mental, it is riches, not poverty. I do not pity the boy, whether on the farm, in the mine, or wherever his lot may be cast, who comes under the hand of necessity that he may eat bread. If there is good stuff in him, he develops character, strength, physical and mental.

In my judgment, measuring my words, the people to be pitied are the so-called children of fortune, who live without toil and without effort. With rare exceptions, under those conditions, they retrograde rather than advance.

There was good stuff in FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN. In his case, as in many others constantly occurring day by day, we can not quite understand why, under universal law, in full manhood and usefulness he was called to cross over. We never shall know. In my own judgment, there is no special providence in either success or failure. In my own judgment, under universal law, we work out our own salvation for our benefit and that of our fellows; and whether we fall in youth, in middle life, or in old age, we know not why we live to old age or die young or in middle life. In the case of Mr. CUSHMAN, dying in middle life as he did, he yet contributed to the Republic far more than one man's share for its benefit.

We can not tell as to the future any more than we can tell as to the past. You can not conceive of an indestructible entity having had a beginning. It is a great mystery. You may speculate about it, but you never can settle it.

I think it is more and more the consensus of opinion that each unit makes its own place here and hereafter. To me there

is great comfort in some of the spiritual interpretation of Holy Writ given by Swedenborg. He said, in his divine love and wisdom:

> It was given to me to be caught up into the spiritual heaven, and I saw one who was counted a saint on earth, who had just died, demand entrance into heaven. On entering, being informed that heaven was denied to no one, he fell down headlong until he found the place that would be most comfortable to him, according to his character and his loves.

That was plausible and comforting, whether correct or not. From my acquaintance with FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, whether it shall be my fortune to fall down or to go up in the hereafter, if I shall find the place where he resides, that will be to me the best possible heaven I could find.

As to the future it is a matter of faith. Lowell expresses it in a sentence or two in one of his essays, in which he says:

> Every mortal man of us holds stock in one great public debt that is absolutely sure of payment, and that is the debt which the Creator of the universe owes to the universe that he created. I shall not sell my shares in a panic.

Address of Mr. McCredie, of Washington.

Mr. Speaker: It is with mingled sorrow and pride I rise to pay tribute to the memory of a departed friend, the Hon. Francis W. Cushman. Every eye of his innumerable friends filled with overflowing moisture of sorrow when the sad news came that Frank's soul had taken its immortal flight. Death had claimed its victim. Here was a young man blighted in the strength of his manhood. It is with sorrow that Cushman should die at all, but it is particularly with the deepest of regret that he should have died at an age when his genius had not unfolded all its greatness. It is very gratifying, however, to know that the splendid reputation borne by him in his home State is fully shared by his associates in this honorable legislative body. His whole nature longed for usefulness. He craved the love of the human race. In these things he achieved his ambition. I doubt if any man ever lived as active a life, declaring his principles fearlessly for so many years, who left behind so many warm friends and so few enemies as did our beloved Cushman.

He was one of the whitest souls that this weary old earth has ever seen. Simplicity, sincerity, imagination, heart, and conscience were wonderfully developed and blended in him. Springing as he did from the most ordinary ancestry, it is hard to imagine whence came his unusual qualities. He was surely the "Century's Aloe" of his family.

He was born on the 8th day of May, 1867, at Brighton, in the county of Washington, State of Iowa, and died of pneumonia in New York City, July 6, 1909, leaving to mourn his untimely death a loving wife, an affectionate mother, and a great array of friends.

Born in poverty, reared and educated in poverty, he never knew the warmth of the sunshine of property inheritance. He was never idle. The playtime of life to him was short. He was a water boy on the railroad during the summer, attending school in the winter.

His first promotion was to that of a common laborer and section hand. Later, at 16 years of age, he moved to Wyoming and assumed the dignity of a cowboy on a ranch, a lumber jack in a sawmill, finally reaching his highest distinction in that State—a country school-teacher. During his idle time he studied law; was admitted and commenced the practice of law in the State of Nebraska—that is, he hung out his shingle and sat down quietly to contemplate. In 1891 he moved to the State of Washington and opened a law office in the city of Tacoma. Thereafter he was active and successful.

In 1896 in the State of Washington there was a coalition of three distinct political parties—the Democrats, the Populists, and the rebellious Republicans, styled the Free Silver Republicans. It was an exciting campaign, but the combination was too much for the regular Republicans. The electors for William Jennings Bryan won. The State went Democratic by an overwhelming vote. They elected their Congressmen—Jones and Lewis. The state legislature selected a Democratic Senator—the Hon. George W. Turner. Politics in our State was in a demoralized condition. In 1898 the Republicans, with but little hope, assembled in Tacoma to select a ticket to wage political war against the successful triumvirate amalgamation. Both of the Democratic Congressmen renominated were popular men and strong speakers. There were but two Republicans to undertake the herculean task of combating them. They were two young lawyers, one from the city of Tacoma and the other from east of the Cascade Mountains. These two young men with vigor campaigned the State, and, contrary to all expecta-

tions, the Republicans were successful by a small majority. The wit, humor, and logic of these young men, Demosthenes and Cicero, were too effective. One now graces the legislative hall at the other end of this Capitol building—Senator W. L. Jones. The remains of the other lie resting peacefully in his grave at Tacoma, in the State of Washington, the subject of this theme, FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN.

After his first election CUSHMAN practically had no opposition. The office of Representative was his as long as he desired it. Had he lived and this fall entered the senatorial race of our State he would have been a formidable candidate.

In his mind, over the most steadfast purpose, continually played the light of pleasant fancy. His spirit of helpfulness was first shown by the early labors that he tells of; the money thus earned gave him the keenest pleasure to spend on others. Many a living man can bear testimony to the fact that this principle never deserted him. When he set out to aid a man in what he thought a just cause, it was not in a perfunctory, casual, half-hearted way that these promises are sometimes kept, but he worked just as hard in the man's absence and among his enemies as in his presence and that of his friends.

In the city of Tacoma, in the midst of an appalling amount of work, learning that a citizen, fatally ill, had a mortgage of $1,000 on his home, he went out single handed and in one day secured the amount and cleared the property. That evening, how tired he was, but happy withal to establish the truth of his belief that mankind and human nature are all right in matters of charity and mercy. All that is needed is the suggestion that things should be done. Once when told that a charitable act of his own was misplaced, that he had bestowed his goods unworthily, he said:

> There are two effects in this transaction, that upon him and that upon me; whatever he may feel, nothing can take away the effect upon me.

Personally he was the most simple and frugal of men, but generous to a fault—even prodigal in his charity. He had absolutely no prejudice based on rank or color, seeing clearly through the envelope of circumstances down to the human unit.

One Christmas evening, straying into a bookstore to pick up a belated remembrance, he saw standing on the edge of a dense crowd a small colored boy. Grasping one of those wonderful story books in which children delight, he satisfied the eager, hungry wish for possession on the child's face. Speaking of this, he said:

> No race problem vexed my mind, and for that one Christmas gift that I then made I lift my face for the benediction of the God who made us both.

He was capable of very keen suffering and had more than his share of crushing disappointment, but as the "chord of self" was smitten and "passed in trembling out of sight," in place of embittering, the sorrow seemed to sweeten his character. He very rarely made adverse criticism. Sometimes when in his work for others it was necessary that he secure the cooperation of those who claimed his friendship and aid, that tender, sympathic, noble heart was sadly wrung by cold, indifferent interest. He would say:

> Oh, if he just had a little red blood.

Very few have as little false pride or fear of the public opinion that is based upon position. Speaking of being once assailed by a cabal that intimated to him that unless he acquiesced in their plans he might lose his place at Washington, he looked straight into the eye of the tempter and remarked, "I don't have to go to Congress." Afterwards, relating this, a "slow, wise smile" came over his face at the thought of how suddenly and completely the argument of the adversary vanished.

His lively imagination enabled him to put himself in the place of the helpless. His great, warm, human heart sympathized

and his compelling conscience never let him rest until he had made every effort possible for the relief of the sufferer. Often his eyes filled with tears on his return from some excursion into the backwoods, where he had found some poor old couple, who may have "crossed the Plains," shriveled and worn by years of hard work and privation, still clinging to the poor little farm "whose chief improvement was and is a mortgage."

CUSHMAN was styled by his friends "Abe Lincoln No. 2," as he, like the great emancipator, was tall, lean, lank, homely, and full of wit and humor; but his strong, ugly face was a face of intellectual beauty. He was the life of society and always entertaining. A great story-teller, he himself generally being the butt of the fun. Wit flowed from him like a clear brook rippling down the mountain side, cool and refreshing.

When scarcely 2 years old he lay in his mother's arms gasping in the throes of membranous croup, now called diphtheria. Beside the mother sat the doctor, watch in hand, giving him every three minutes a few drops of some powerful drug. When this had gone on to about the tenth dose, baby CUSHMAN looked up into his mother's eyes with a twinkle, saying, "Mama, you may have that one."

I remember one of the many stories CUSHMAN told on himself. After he was elected to Congress, and while serving his term, he met in the city of Omaha, in the State of Nebraska, an old friend, who was one of his cowboy chums in Wyoming. After an exchange of formal greeting, the cowboy said:

FRANK, what are you doing?

CUSHMAN straightened up that elongated form of his and said:

Well, Bill, it is my pleasure to inform you that I now have the great honor and distinction of being one of the Representatives of the State of Washington in the great Congress of the United States, and I am now on my way to Washington, D. C.

The rough and ready cowboy gazed at his old friend and associate of the years gone by in profound astonishment, and then ejaculated:

My God! Is it possible, FRANK? Ten years ago I thought of going to the State of Washington; now I wish I had gone.

I clipped from the Saturday Evening Post of a few weeks ago this story on the late humorist of the House of Representatives: CUSHMAN was in one of the House elevators a year or two ago with a man he did not know. "Where are you from?" CUSHMAN asked. "Oh, I'm from the State of Washington." "Is that so? Know any of the Congressmen from that State?" "Oh, yes; I know them all." "Know CUSHMAN?" "Sure, I do. I know him well. He is an old pal of mine." "Well," said CUSHMAN, "they tell me CUSHMAN is the homeliest man in Congress. Say, friend, is he any homelier than I am?" The stranger took a long look. "Hell!" he said, "CUSHMAN'S got you skinned a mile."

If there was one quality in CUSHMAN more pronounced than any other, it was his great admiration for his dear mother. He always spoke of her in the tenderest terms, both in public and private life. She was his idol. There is no word that touches the fountain of love like the word "mother." Her love always entwines her children. No matter to what depth of degradation they may sink, she still loves, protects, and forgives them. An appeal to her in distress always finds a ready response. The love for mother never dies.

CUSHMAN was always full of consideration for his mother. From his childhood, through his entire life and until his feeble fingers scrawled her name, his very last written word, in an attempt to send a cheerful telegram that weakness forced him to dictate, he never forgot to enrich his mother's life with his affections. Never was a more loyal, devoted son. Those

wonderful, glorious eyes never rested upon his mother but with the most tender, loving look, and that "tuneful tongue" never spoke flippantly or criticisingly to her.

She always gave him sympathy and encouragement. When he came in warm with struggle, remembering the old Spartan mother, she said: "And what is the position of the shield?" He smilingly answered: "I still bear it."

He never forgot the story of Aladdin's lamp, and when he would surprise his mother with some unexpected pleasure, he would remark: "You see I have been rubbing the lamp."

He left no children to enjoy his accomplishments. His wedded life was congenial. He enjoyed the affection and companionship of his excellent wife. They were together in his travels. He was always attentive and thoughtful of her.

CUSHMAN admired Tennyson's poems, and was particularly fond of a passage in The Passing of Arthur. King Arthur was given a pearl-handled sword by a mermaid and he carried it into battle, but was mortally wounded. He forced his servant to throw the sword into the water to see what would happen. The same fair hand that gave it to him reached up and caught it and then disappeared. Arthur's dying words always impressed CUSHMAN—

> But now farewell. I am going a long way.
> With these thou seest—if indeed I go
> (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
> To the island-valley of Avilion,
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
> Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

Address of Mr. Adamson, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: I never knew Francis W. Cushman until he was elected to Congress in 1898. He sprang suddenly into fame, a national character, distinguished as the man who defeated James Hamilton Lewis. Lewis was a great deal more conspicuous than the Democracy of the State of Washington, and as for that matter, more conspicuous than the Democracy of some other States. The public was ready to believe that the man who could defeat James Hamilton Lewis after his brilliant career of one term in Congress could do anything, and Francis W. Cushman, by his performances, well-nigh made good that expression of confidence.

He served several terms on the great Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and during my service with him on that committee I enjoyed an opportunity to estimate his character and capacity. Prolonged acquaintance only increased my admiration for his wonderful gifts.

While he was a man of unbounded humor, his wit was not of the vitriolic kind, which left wounds and bitterness, but of that milder, kinder type, which all could enjoy, and which pleased even its victims. Neither did his wit and humor doom him to the common fate of humorists. Generally men who indulge in wit and jokes lose their influence with their fellow-men, are never expected to be serious, and if they make a sensible speech or do a sensible thing, receive no credit for it, but, on the other hand, usually suffer from actual resentment for disappointing the expectation of a joke. When Frank Cushman told a joke it always pointed a moral and most admirably adorned a tale. There was a good reason for every joke, and a good reason in every one he used, and every one was effective. They did not

even appear to be chestnuts. If they were old, they were so well timed and so well applied that they appeared fresh and new. He was one of the most effective and telling speakers in the House, could always command attention, and always illumined the subject under discussion.

His industry was indefatigable. He could do as much work as any man I ever saw, and it did not require as much exertion for him to do things as it would require in a duller and more plodding individual to accomplish the same results. There is such a thing as what people call a knack for turning out work. Something like the person described in Scripture, which declares that "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." His efforts seemed to be so well directed that with little difficulty he accomplished what other men toiled long and arduously to do.

His mind was quick and comprehensive, his insight into important matters penetrating, his grasp upon measures was far-reaching, and his judgment of men was unerring. Therefore almost unvarying success in his undertakings was easy. Little wonder, then, that as a result of his labors in Congress improvements material and lasting sprang up spontaneously, as if by magic, all over the part of our country represented by him. The impress of his genius and industry is not only left upon matters and interests in our country but the results of his labors are manifest in Alaska and our island possessions.

It was a sad dispensation of Providence that one so strong, so young, so brilliant, so well equipped for usefulness, and so full of promise to his family, his friends, and his country should be cut off in the flower of his young manhood without possibility of transferring to others the experience and wisdom which by toil and study he had acquired. But he has not lived in vain. His works verily do follow him. His example stands as a model and incentive to young America to emulate his vir-

tues, to strive to acquire and cultivate his good qualities, and live, as he did, for the good of his country and leave their impress upon the institutions of our land.

The most lovely and interesting feature of his life is presented by his domestic relations. There are others better prepared from long acquaintance to speak of them than I am, but it was my good fortune to enjoy some acquaintance with his good wife and mother; and it was an inspiration to me to observe their affection for him and their pride in his success. After knowing them I do not wonder that in the light of their smiles, fostered by their encouragement, he should have become a good and a great man. Good women not only have pride, but they love and enjoy their pride. They are happy in their pride when aroused by worthy objects. They, the best and noblest creatures beneath the stars, have a right to expect and demand that the man they love and trust shall excel other men. The most miserable creature on earth is a woman chained by malign fortune to a vagabond, a known failure, a recognized wreck of manhood. E converso, the happiest creature beneath the sun is the fond wife or mother swelling with pride in the conscious joy that her husband or son excels other men in those attributes which make men conspicuous among their fellows.

Francis W. Cushman realized the truth of that Scripture which says: "Whoso findeth a good wife findeth a good thing." Verily she was a joy unto her husband, and her pride and satisfaction in contemplating his nobility was the crowning glory of his life. What is to be said of his superb mother contributing to his greatness, and the reward which he conferred upon her in the noble life that he led?

There was a pagan mother who was the daughter of the great General Germanicus. She thought she was proud in being the sister of an emperor. She afterwards imagined she was happy

in being the wife of another emperor, but she never felt the full flood tide of unbounded satisfaction until her pride was gratified by seeing her son ascend the throne as an emperor.

We read of a good woman spoken of by Solon in his celebrated dialogue with Crœsus. No other means of transportation being available her two sons yoked themselves to her chariot and drew her to the temple. They were glorified in life, deified in death, and she, proud and happy as the mother of such glorious sons, has been celebrated through the ages as the exalted object of their reverence and devotion.

But there was another great woman whose example is more to the point. She was the daughter of a great general, who, after many others had failed in leading the armies of Rome, had conquered the greatest military genius the world had produced up to that time and destroyed his city and empire. She was the widow of a great man, renowned throughout the earth, twice consul and honored with two triumphs. She had carefully nurtured 12 children. Her watchword to stimulate them to noble deeds was this:

> My children, must I be always known merely as the daughter of Scipio Africanus? Why should I rather not be known to an admiring world as the mother of the Gracchi?

She realized her wish. She saw all of her 12 children buried. She saw 2 of the 12, the celebrated two Gracchi, blaze into splendor and bless their country with their greatness and usefulness; and when all were dead and when mourning the loss of her children her friends commiserated her supposed unhappiness, she protested:

> Call me not unfortunate. I shall never cease to think myself a happy woman who have been the mother of the Gracchi.

Weeping, devoted widow, bereaved, queenly mother, wipe away your tears. You have more of glory than of sorrow in

your cup of life. You have lost, one a husband and the other a son, but you enjoyed for a long time the consolation and society of a husband and a son unexcelled in manly courage, manly virtue, gentlemanly courtesy, and widespread usefulness among the sons of men. Like Saul he towered physically above the heads of his comrades, but mentally and morally he was equally conspicuous. Rejoice that Providence spared him to you so long and blessed you and your country with his illustrious life.

Address of Mr. Wanger, of Pennsylvania

Mr. Speaker: The death of Francis W. Cushman not only stilled the voice that most of us and many thousands of our countrymen delighted to hear, but took from us the shining exemplar of genial companionship, untiring industry, and great ability in every phase of legislative endeavor. His physical frailty was such an effective setting to his intellectual brilliancy that his daily companions, charmed also by his bubbling good humor and witty remarks, were as wont to listen to his every utterance as was the stranger who for the first time beheld his thin, tall figure and realized that a great genius was expounding with forceful logic and apt illustration the leading question of the hour.

From the time when, in indignant protest against what he felt was rank injustice, he hurled denunciations and defiance toward those he felt had denied him and his State the recognition due and then robbed the thrusts of all venom by a portrayal of the difficulties and dangers in his front and rear, and convulsed his audience by the witty statement:

> I tell you frankly that, between the two, I have become thinner than a canceled postage stamp—

there was no question of his position in the foremost rank of congressional debaters. And notwithstanding his ill health and failing bodily strength, in the summer of last year his address on the tariff bill was as replete with cogent reasoning, withering sarcasm, and philosophic humor as any speech delivered in that debate.

It was in the fraternal association of committee membership that those of us who were not more closely affiliated with Mr.

CUSHMAN learned to love him as a brother and were made to feel his kindness of heart and readiness to serve a just cause. The musical cadence of his voice, with its faint tinge of melancholy, was no more fascinating than the words of his anecdotes or the nobility of his aspirations and deeds; and all fellow-committeemen were ever predisposed to heartily support the "little bill"—as he was wont to term each measure that he fathered—so that by his efforts was enacted a volume of legislation that was alike a monument to his industry and efficiency as it was of inestimable benefit to the Pacific coast and the United States.

The love and regard of husband and wife for each other were never more certainly evidenced or unconsciously displayed than in the informal intercourse of Mr. and Mrs. CUSHMAN. It was unerringly certain that the brilliant genius and orator leaned upon the gentle woman and found joy and strength in her delicate appreciation of the honor and her rich return of the affection. In heart-to-heart talks with colleagues in recent years he avowed belief in the early closing of his congressional life and the finding of happiness and a field of more congenial labor in his Tacoma home and its library than were his in the legislative arena.

So much has been said and written of his many admirable qualities, foremost among which were his purity of heart and labor for his country, that volumes might be filled with these just and merited tributes. There is one of several in an editorial in the Tacoma Daily Ledger as follows:

We have a sure criterion wherewith to distinguish a true leader of men. He is disinterested; he pursues his line of effort without sinister intent. An ardent party man he may very well be—party is our political privilege in this country, when not abused—but there is something manifestly above party, and it is in this that his title to true greatness is seen and

acknowledged by all. He can not be narrow. He must battle for his opinions, of course; he could not be a leader of men unless he did. But he fights, not as one bent on victory in any event; rather as one who would reap such conquests as truth in its own name and with its own equipment may lawfully win.

Now, there has just faded from our political sky a modest star which by long years of unpretentious shining made good its claim to be enrolled among the constellation of immortals who have a place in memory's heavens fadeless forevermore. To our deceased Congressman, FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, this eulogy is due. He was great in his unconsciousness; great in his disinterested devotion to the great ideals which, early in life, he made regnant in his soul. To have the purest of motives; to pursue a line of policy and conduct for the good that was in it and for the good it would bring to his country at large, for this he wrought—not for glory; not for emolument; not to have it to say that he came up from poverty, and was able to wrap himself round with the majesty of office in the very high places of the political world. No expression hinting of self-glory ever escaped Mr. CUSHMAN'S lips.

He often told of his early struggles. * * * It was a story of wonderful intellectual and moral heroism, and betokened a youth of no ordinary courage and capacity that could come out of it with the palm of victory in his hands. * * * The sparkle of humor was over it all.

Mr. CUSHMAN was a humorist, but not in the professional sense. With him it was that large faculty which the man of deep and serious insight uses in throwing the great problems of public policy into bas-relief for the leisurely contemplation of those who have no time or disposition for abstract thought. It is a popular misconception that humor is always light-minded in its working and is inconsistent with any large faculty for looking profoundly into things—a mere superficial sparkle on the shallow mind.

Nothing could be wider of the mark. * * * His wit was always tributary to the profoundly serious purpose he had in view. * * * He had gone to the heart of his subject, set it in vivid relief, and then sent the shafts of his wit in scintillating coruscation all round the weak points of the creed of the man who was on the other side.

What more beautiful illustration of the home building and aspirations of the poor than that of our dead friend in his last

formal speech in the House, in which, after referring to Laramie Peak, Wyoming, he said:

> Underneath the shadow of that majestic mountain my mother, my brother, and I built our little cabin home. It was only a cabin built of logs, but it sheltered hearts as pure and hopes as exalted as ever existed beneath the sweep of the almighty stars.

The light of this brilliant star of Washington no longer blazes forth to illumine our pathway, but its radiance lingers with us and is an inspiration that will endure while memory survives.

We mourn his absence from our midst, but rejoice in and are thankful for the blessing of the association which we enjoyed and the guide to our feet which he gave and which endures.

Address of Mr. Poindexter, of Washington

Mr. Speaker: I have hesitated about imposing myself on the patience of the House this afternoon, but upon reflection I conceived it was my duty as a colleague of my deceased friend to take advantage of this last opportunity to say a word of appreciation of his character and memory.

The thing that has impressed me most deeply in the short time that I have been a member of this body is the frequency and rapidity with which the mysterious hand out of the potent and unknown space reaches into our midst and gives the signal of departure for our comrades and coworkers. We see them here engaged in active participation in the legislation of the country, and in the short space of time I have been here a number of them, one after another, have received the signal and have cast aside their weapons and utensils and means of occupation, and without a word, without a glance backward, have gone from our midst. They have taken the plunge into the Lethean waters, the surface has closed over them, and not a ripple is left upon the pool of oblivion to mark the spot of their departure. But affairs go on in their usual course. Not a step is missed in the procession, not a note is lost in the music of the world's progress, and that would be true even if they had been Cæsars, even though they had been the world's greatest and most illustrious characters of the past, who have been so eloquently referred to by the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Adamson], or the greatest characters of the present.

When they disappear, we are impressed with the truth that we are but an infinitesimal part of the great world, even of the single nation in which we move and participate.

It was but yesterday that with all his lovable and brilliant qualities FRANK CUSHMAN was in our midst. This summons came to him and, although his body was left with us, with the same organs, yet there was gone from it that vibrant voice which so moved the souls of men. His eyes were still visible, but that look of genius with which we were all familiar had disappeared. A wonderful change had taken place, that mystery of mysteries, that thing which we call life, which had made him what he was to his people and to his colleagues, had gone. No man can tell or explain the change. The greatest philosophers from the foundation of the world have tried to understand life, just as has been said here to-day they have tried in vain through all civilization to peer into that inevitable mystery called death. The one is as much of a mystery as the other.

My association with FRANK CUSHMAN was not as long nor as intimate, perhaps, as many others, but it was sufficiently long and sufficiently intimate for me to be impressed with a great many of his lovable qualities. Among those, standing out above all others which characterized him, was his devotion and his loyalty to his friends. If a friend made a demand on him, there was no reservation on his part. He held nothing back. Whatever the service might have been, he was ready and quick to devote his entire self and all of his powers to the service of those to whom he owed an obligation; and even those to whom he owed no obligation, the mere citizen of his country, the brother man of humanity, he was willing to serve to the utmost. There was never a suspicion on the part of any man that ever knew him of the slightest swerving or hesitation from the true and loyal and sincere devotion and fealty to those with whom he was associated and to those who called him friend.

So far as his intellect and character were concerned, FRANK CUSHMAN had that great essential quality of concentration, that faculty without which very little that is great can be

accomplished by any man. He had the faculty of collecting, of unifying, the various gifts with which he had been endowed and hurling them upon the point of attack, whatever it might have been.

Frail in body, I have seen him when in action with a look approaching almost to fierceness in his brilliant eyes and with his entire intellect and strong passion which flowed from his great heart, unite upon the point in issue all his powers and strike herculean blows in the cause in which he was engaged.

Now, it has been said that he has gone forever into oblivion, and that the world moves on as if he had never been. That is true in a certain sense, but just as no element in nature is ever lost, so it is true that no kind service that CUSHMAN so often and so generously performed will ever be lost to his country and to his comrades. The influence which he exerted in his work in the public affairs of this country, although we stop but a moment now to eulogize his memory, will never be lost, nor will the effect and the result of the sacrifices he made of his body and mind in the service of his country. These results have become a part of the condition of things, and, though unconsciously it may be, they will go on and on, having their effect in devious and unknown ways for long years after the particular circumstances surrounding them may be forgotten.

We learned as children, and we believe as men, that there is a great and ever-present God, that He is in this Chamber, that He is outside in the glorious brilliancy of this spring day, that He rides upon the storm and exists in the blooming flowers, and FRANK CUSHMAN, although we see him no longer, is but gone to the bosom of that God; and let us believe and trust that, as a part of that Eternal Spirit which lives and moves and has its being perpetually in our midst, the soul and spirit of FRANK CUSHMAN will be with us forever.

Address of Mr. Morrison, of Indiana

Mr. Speaker: It is probable that the shortness of my service in this body should constrain me to pay but a silent tribute to the memory of Francis W. Cushman. Becoming modesty strongly indicates the propriety of leaving it to them who have known him through many years of friendship and common public service to voice our universal sentiment of respect and sorrow.

Over against the force of manifest proprieties is a duty growing out of benefits received and a keen sense of gratitude. Having but a very limited acquaintance with the Members of this House when I came to Washington, one of my older friendships led to an early meeting with Mr. Cushman. He was my first new acquaintance among the Representatives in Congress.

His companionable disposition, his rich vein of genuine humor, and his vast fund of apt and striking anecdotes and illustrations were well calculated to make a new man forget to be lonesome and lead him into the enjoyment that lingers in the conscious presence of a congenial atmosphere.

More than a decade ago he had himself been a new man in Congress, and he knew much of the needs of men first entering upon their duties here. He had learned that it is better to anticipate a brother's need than to stand ready to answer his appeal for aid. In that spirit he was most helpful in suggestions, advice, and information. Our homes being near each other, he took me with him on his errands through the departments, seeking to make easy and swift the mastery of the routine work which one must often learn amidst embarrassments and by slow and tedious processes.

It was on these occasions, in our longer, friendlier talks, he disclosed the deeper and more serious side of his nature. It

did not take long for us to discover that we had knelt at a common altar, partaken from a common cup, sealed a common faith, and enlisted in a common cause—the cause of Christian knighthood. This knowledge appeared to open the way to free and frank discussion of things that lay nearest the heart.

He realized that the arduous duties of the public service were proving too severe a strain upon his physical powers to be much longer borne. He loved his work, but he was remaining in public life not so much for his own sake as for the sake of the friends who had been true to him when he most needed and desired their help. His had come to be a labor, not of ambition, but of gratitude.

He planned to perform as fully as he could do in the then immediate future the duty he owed to his friends, his district, and, in a larger sense, to the Nation, looking forward to the time when he might justly ask to retire to private life and seek to regain his fast-failing health. Either he underestimated the intensity of the strain upon him or he overestimated the resisting power of his physical constitution. The end came before his plans were fully executed. "His death was untimely and his brethren mourn."

There is a tradition that fidelity to friends and duty has led to many sacrificial deaths among the membership of the American Congress. On what foundation that tradition rests, I know not. This much I know—one such sacrifice has been made, one such tragedy has been enacted since the organization of the Sixty-first Congress. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN loved the name of duty more than he feared the name of death.

As one who profited largely by his goodness of heart, wise counsel, and kind deeds, I have craved permission to say a few words to-day, that I might not be in the attitude of one who accepts benefits lightly and forgets them quickly.

Our acquaintance was short, indeed, but it was long enough to enable me to know not only the quality of his public service, but also his firm faith in our common Master.

A memorial held in honor of the dead leads men into necessary and vital touch with deep and essential religious truth. On such an occasion as this no strength of will can stand against the inevitable trend of the human mind and heart. Even the great agnostic when he stood beside the open grave of his departed brother was constrained to pronounce those beautiful words of budding faith and deathless hope:

> In the night of death hope sees a star and listening love hears the rustle of a wing.

Assembled as we are to bear testimony to our respect and love for one whose faith and works were as an open book before his fellows, we can not but declare that while our brother has been removed forever from the ranks of knights militant, we doubt not that he has been admitted into the presence of the Eternal Father and into the society of just men made perfect, an innumerable company enrolled under a new banner—a banner no longer half black and half white, but all white, beautiful and resplendent in the pure, white light which radiates from the benign countenance of the Martyr of Golgotha, the Prince of Peace, the Great Captain of our Salvation.

Address of Mr. Hamilton, of Michigan

Mr. Speaker: Francis W. Cushman died July 6, 1909, at the age of 42.

He was born in Iowa and went to school at Brighton High School and Pleasant Plain Academy, paying his way by working as a water carrier on a railroad, and he took a post graduate course, working as a section hand.

He moved to Wyoming when he was 16 years old and continued his post graduate work in the school of human experience, first as a cowboy on the Wyoming plains, then as a laborer in the lumber camps, then as a school-teacher and law student, then as a lawyer, and finally as a Member of Congress from the State of Washington.

Men divide time into years, days, and hours; that is to say, into spaces proportioned to the brevity of life.

Cushman's life was approximately divided into five parts: About eight years of childhood; about eight years of school and the beginning of work; about eight years as cowboy, lumberman, school-teacher, and law student; about eight years as a lawyer; and about eight years as a Representative in Congress.

These eight-year periods represent a swift evolution, possible only here in America and possible only to a man pushed on by an unconquerable determination.

Napoleon, musing by the cradle of his sleeping son, said:

How long it takes to make a man! I have, however, seen fourteen of them cut off by a cannon shot.

And yet in Cushman's case, the time was short; in fact, he always seemed to me like a man who had a stint to finish.

Out of the stillness and the vastness and the solitude of the plains and mountains, out of plodding self-discipline, out of

rugged surroundings, out of the simplicity of undecorated existence, the personality we knew here as CUSHMAN was developed.

I do not underestimate the value of a university training; I do not agree with Ingersoll's saying that a college is a place where "Pebbles are polished and diamonds dimmed," although I have no doubt a college is a place where a good many pebbles are polished, but I am far from agreeing with certain college professors that a college training is indispensible.

CUSHMAN'S career is an illustration of what a man with a purpose can do under American conditions.

What made him what he was? No man can answer that. Thousands of men have had the same discipline, the same hardship, the same lack of opportunity, the same energy, and an equal amount of talent and have left no mark upon their time.

No man can rightly analyze the elements that make a man what he is.

There is something in the subtle blending of traits and the balancing of talents that defies analysis, and it is not at all unlikely that early opportunity and early prosperity might have made CUSHMAN quite another man and a much less interesting man.

Not infrequently invalidism and poverty and untoward circumstance have so narrowed and confined the forces of men and women that their very infirmities have been an asset for immortality.

In "The Count of Monte Cristo" there is a conversation between Dantes and the Abbe Faria, in which Dantes, profoundly impressed with the abbe's mental grasp, expresses wonder at what he might have been if he had been free.

And the abbe answers that he would probably have been "nothing," and proceeds to explain how the confines of his cell had concentrated his thoughts, which otherwise might have scattered and diffused themselves in common ways.

History is full of talented unfortunates who have made the utmost of a little daylight and a little space of time, like blind Milton, Prescott, and Parkman; like Pope, Cowper, and Heine, John Richard Green, and Robert Louis Stevenson, whose lives were what Pope called his—a long disease.

It not infrequently happens that the physically feeble member of a family, exempt from the rough usage of the struggle of life, and concentrated upon some single pursuit, is the brightest member of the family, and time and again poverty has demonstrated itself to be a stimulus to high endeavor.

A great artist on being shown a picture by a person of rank said:

> You only want a little poverty, sir, to make you a great painter.

There is something about inherited prosperity, about the easy conquest of material things, about the ability to reach out without effort and take what others have to strive for that softens the fiber, weakens the will, dissipates force, and lulls ambition, and I am inclined to think it takes as much moral courage for a man born on the fleece-lined side of things to strike out bravely and accomplish something for himself instead of degenerating into adipose content and blasé indifference as it does to work upward from a lowly start in life, lured on by the desire to possess what others have without effort.

Thackeray somewhere says:

> Who ordered toil as a condition of life, ordered weariness, ordered sickness, ordered poverty, failure, success—to this man a foremost place, to the other a nameless struggle with the crowd; to that a shameful fall, a paralyzed limb, a sudden accident; to each some work upon the ground he stands on until he is laid beneath it.

And the work assigned to us is what gives character, discipline, and dignity to human existence.

It is not so much that we can not do it better than some one else, it is that we do it the best we can.

If CUSHMAN is a living intelligence—and this little space between two eternities which we call human life would be an inexplicable tragedy if he is not—he has solved the mystery of it all.

Such careers as his and many of ours, short, without rest or holiday, stingy in their happiness, opulent in their irritations, trivial in their dignity; in short, human life itself, assuming an omnipotent intelligence which cares for its creatures, is explicable only upon the theory that here, amid the buffetings of circumstance, compelled at every crossroads of human experience to choose our way between right and wrong, we are making character, developing a personality, and that somewhere on beyond there will be an accounting; and if we live on after the death of the body the accounting and the reward within our own inner consciousness will be in itself a reward or a punishment.

We get pay for our work in the long run, but not every Saturday night.

CUSHMAN was born at the beginning of the reconstruction period and lived into the period of geographical and commercial expansion. He was a humorist, but he was a great deal more than a humorist—he was an intensely earnest man.

To him events presented themselves and fixed themselves in pictures which he was a consummate artist in depicting.

He set all New England laughing at herself when he advised her to let go of the tariff teat or quit kicking the cow.

He impressed in a way that no statistics could impress upon the public mind the hard times from 1893 to 1897, when he described how, being reduced to a diet of clams, his stomach rose and fell with the tides.

He had in that tall, gaunt personality a glint of genius and of imagination which is denied to many men.

He found his way by politics upon this stage here where we linger for a time and then disappear.

A successful politician, I think, must always have something of sentiment in him. He must share the fortunes and sympathize with the emotions of the people whom he represents, and the very intimacy of this relation makes it all the harder for him to stand out at times against the unreason of some popular movement.

On the one hand, then, there is lime light, rhetoric, headlines, and glorification of the man who says he believes what the people want him to believe, and on the other there is denunciation, execration, vituperation, misrepresentation, and probable defeat. And yet there is high authority that—

the statesman who bends to an emotional outburst of public opinion as richly deserves to be shot as a general who surrenders a city out of compassion for the inhabitants.

When a man holds out, he always risks his own defeat and permanent eclipse. If he survives and wins in the end, he may be called a statesman, and if he does not win during his lifetime, but goes to defeat some time in after years, when he is dead and does not care for monuments the people may possibly gather together the stones wherewith they had stoned him in his lifetime and erect to him a monument over his unconscious remains.

CUSHMAN, I think, had in him the courage to stand out if necessary, although he was never brought to that supreme test.

CUSHMAN finished his work somewhat early.

He has gone out of the turmoil of it all where men spend their lives struggling for gain or fame, only occasionally catching the perfume of a distant happiness which they never realize. This dream of happiness is as much a part of men as the belief in a hereafter and in God.

CUSHMAN has found out.

Address of Mr. Clark, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: Francis W. Cushman was one of the most brilliant men of the times in which he lived. This, I think, is no exaggeration. Brilliant seems to me to be the one word which most exactly describes his mind. He came from the new State of Washington to the city of Washington with the most flattering advance notices, heralded as "the Abraham Lincoln of the Pacific slope," which injured him more than it helped him, for when a man is so exploited he is expected to live up to the proclamation and to make good at once. Frequently no opportunity arises for some time enabling a man of extraordinary parts to show what is in him. So it was with Mr. Cushman; but when his opportunity did come, after some years of comparative silence, he electrified both the House and the country by delivering one of the most brilliant, caustic, and audacious speeches ever heard within these historic walls—a speech which will never be forgotten by any man who heard it. From that day Cushman's place in the House was assured, for while it was such a bitter arraignment of the leaders as to make them squirm, it was so successful that after their anger wore away they concluded that he was a man to be reckoned with, and wisely they chose to promote him instead of trying to punish him. Promote him they did, till he became a member of the great Committee on Ways and Means. It is literally true that that one speech, full of wit, humor, sarcasm, gall, and wormwood, laid the foundation of Cushman's fortunes here. Everybody declared that he had made good as to even the most flattering advance notices. The splendid reputation made that day he maintained and augmented to the end of his career.

The newspapers exploited him as a humorist, and he is easily one of the dozen greatest humorists who have served in the House, and in that respect classes with Tom Corwin, Proctor Knott, Samuel Sullivan Cox, and Private John Allen. CUSHMAN was a rare hand at both choosing and telling an anecdote in a public speech, and none but an artist can succeed in that particular line.

But in addition to telling anecdotes which he, of course, picked up here and there, CUSHMAN'S own original remarks were of the most humorous character when he desired them so to be. Much has been said derogatory to all humorists, but they are a real blessing to mankind and serve as useful a purpose as the "dry as dusts." So, considered solely as a humorist, CUSHMAN was in most excellent company. He was, however, much more than a humorist. He was a student and a philosopher—as much philosopher as humorist. He was intense in his beliefs and was willing to stand by them under any and all circumstances. For instance, he was one of the most thoroughgoing advocates of high protection, even the highest that ever lived. Nothing could convince him that he was wrong in that regard, and, if at last he yielded a little, it was done in order to retain the major portion of what he desired, and then with a protest such as few men could utter. He was a fine debater; he drove his arguments into men's minds with the force of a pile driver; he ornamented and enforced his arguments with happy effect and with wealth of illustration; he was quick to see good points in others; in private life he was gentle as a child; and he loved his friends and bound them to himself with hoops of steel.

Perhaps no two men ever differed more widely in politics than he and I, but we were devoted friends. As such I honor him; as such I mourn his untimely death, which was a great loss, not only to this House, but to the entire country.

Address of Mr. Lowden, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: During the early days of the extra session of Congress last spring it so happened that Mr. Cushman and I frequently went home from the Capitol together. During this time he told me of an episode of his life which occurred when he was living in western Nebraska. He was then about 23 years of age. His experience was so consistent with his character, as we knew him, that, after consultation with his brother and friends, I have decided to relate it to-day.

It appeared that Mr. Cushman and his brother, Edward E. Cushman, now federal judge for the District of Alaska, being very young men, in 1889 had gone to Bassett, Rock County, Nebr., and there undertaken the practice of law together. Rock County had just been set off from Brown County, and much bitterness had developed over a contest between Bassett and Newport as to which should be the county seat. This situation was further complicated by the formation of a vigilance committee. One of the stories which was in circulation, and which was given considerable credence at that time, was that the Cushman brothers were really detectives employed by Newport to ferret out the frauds in the county-seat election in an action then pending in the courts.

Young Cushman, shortly after his arrival at Bassett, became a candidate for the Republican nomination for county attorney. After a bitter contest in the convention, his rival was declared nominated. Those leaders who had managed the county-seat fight and who had succeeded in defeating Cushman became still more bitter toward the Cushman brothers.

During this period the county had been flooded with counterfeit silver dollars. Young Cushman interested himself

sufficiently in the matter to write a letter to United States Senator Manderson, informing him of the fact and suggesting that some action be taken by the Government to investigate the source from whence this counterfeit money came. As a result of this, secret-service agents were sent into the county and discovered that, among others, CUSHMAN'S opponent in the contest for the county attorneyship had been one of the counterfeiters. He was arrested, afterwards pleaded guilty, was convicted, and served his sentence. He, with others, started the story that the Cushman brothers were involved in this crime.

At about this time the Cushman brothers decided that Bassett offered but little opportunity to members of the legal profession, and they decided to close up their business there and move to Tacoma. It was agreed that FRANK should go ahead and that his brother was to remain at Bassett for a short time in order to close up their business. FRANK'S going coincided, within a few days, with the arrest of the counterfeiters. While on his way to Omaha he was arrested by the federal authorities and was removed to Omaha, indicted for counterfeiting, placed in custody, and held for trial. Shortly thereafter he procured bail, insisting all the time upon a speedy trial. During this period a wayward boy, brother of a young woman he had known in Nebraska, who had been indicted, was arraigned before the court. There was no one to raise his voice in behalf of this boy. And CUSHMAN, who himself was under indictment, undertook the defense, though he knew that this would probably prejudice his own case.

CUSHMAN, after waiting more than three weeks for the indictment against himself to be reached for trial, learned that the Government, having exhausted its resources in an attempt to find sufficient evidence against him, had determined to nol-

pros the case. What he wanted was a trial, so that his innocence might be given the same publicity as his arrest.

He insisted before Judge Dundy, who was United States judge for that district, that, if he could not have a public trial, he be given a few minutes to state his position to the court. This request was granted.

And I will say that this episode was made an issue in one of CUSHMAN'S campaigns for Congress, but acted as a boomerang when the people learned of the facts, and to the honor of J. Hamilton Lewis, his opponent, as I am informed, he refused to take advantage of this story.

I now quote from his remarks, as taken by the court stenographer:

By the courtesy of the court, for the enlightenment of the public and in defense of my own rights, I wish to make this brief statement. In the first place, I would say that I am that "lank, long-haired, hatchet-faced counterfeiter" of whom you have all heard so much. I should never ask for the opportunity to make this explanation if I had been given a public trial as I desired; but this I was denied by the prosecuting attorney. I am not now speaking to secure my release. That has already been accorded me. I do not linger here to make a defense which is necessary, but simply a statement of the facts regarding the outrage of which I have been the victim.

First, I demand that my vindication in this matter be as public as my accusation. My arrest was heralded from the house tops and will travel to the uttermost confines of the State, where the whisper of my release will never go. The news of my arrest has flown back to my friends that I have left, and suspicion has fallen on me like a dark and blackened cloud. The distorted rumor of this thing will precede me in my journey like a filthy odor wafted on the wings of the summer wind Here in this court room, with all possible publicity, was I charged with this crime, and here in the same place I demand my vindication.

I have waited on the prosecution here now twenty-three days, and the case having now been dismissed, I only ask about three minutes to explain what I expected to explain upon the stand. The facts are: I reside at

Bassett, where I have resided and been engaged in the practice of law for about two years, and at which place the inquisitive can learn upon inquiry that I have a reputation for truthfulness, honesty, decency, and sobriety. I left there upon the morning of the 12th of May for a business trip to the eastern portion of the State. My departure was made publicly and in daylight, and the object of my journey was the prosecution of legitimate business. I stopped at Fremont over night to see Hon. L. D. Richard and Ross L. Hammond, and other suspicious characters of that stamp, of my acquaintance. I was arrested the next morning as I was making public preparations for my departure. No explanation was given me of the cause of my arrest. At 4 o'clock that evening Deputy United States Marshal Lyons came up from Omaha and rearrested me on a warrant charging me with pretty much everything in the line of crime committed in the past or anticipated in the future, but principally upon the charge of manufacturing, selling, and handling counterfeit money.

From 4 o'clock until 8 Lyons scattered as many misrepresentations and falsehoods about me as the short space of time and his limited intellect would permit. At 8 o'clock we came to Omaha with all the publicity possible. I have been here in custody and under bonds ever since. When I was arrested there was found on my person $30.66. This money was of all kinds and denominations. There were bills, there was gold, there was silver, there was nickel, and last and least, there was one little copper, and it was all suspiciously good. The marshal offered to return it. I asked him why he did not keep it for evidence. He said, "It's all good. It wouldn't be any evidence in the case." That is just the theory on which this entire case against me has been conducted. Had the money been bad, it would have been conclusive and damnable proof of my guilt. As it was good, that didn't prove anything.

My baggage was also plundered by this same "King of Beasts," and found to contain a little of everything—except counterfeit money. There was my diploma from an eastern college to show that I had been a successful student. There were my books and papers which proved that I was a scholar. There was my certificate of admission to the supreme court of this State which told that I was an attorney of good standing. There were also in my grip about 500 letters—letters from my father, from my mother, from my brother, from my sweetheart, and from my business and legal correspondents, thoroughly establishing my whereabouts for the past five years. But these attracted no attention and were pawed to one side

in this search for "evidence." But stay! This super-astute detective found on my person some letters and other property of one Rev. H. B. Fleharty. The first thing that such a circumstance would suggest to the ordinary mind would be that that same preacher had considerable confidence in my integrity, or he would never have intrusted me with his property. But the acute intellect of this secret-service man couldn't be baffled in any such manner as this. He knew at once that I must be the preacher and "Reverend Fleharty," one of my numerous aliases. So much for that part of the case.

Now, for twenty-three long, lonesome, and weary days I have haunted the corridors of this court room like a shadow, waiting for a trial. And now I am simply dismissed. And I rise to ask why I have not had a trial? There is a warrant here charging me with this filthy crime. There must have been some evidence produced before it was issued. I ask Mr. Slaughter, the marshal, where it is now? If it was sufficient to arrest me on, why isn't it sufficient to try me on? There must have been a mountain of testimony produced against me, or that indictment never would have been found. I ask the United States attorney, Mr. Baker, where it is now? Has it vanished like the vision of Don Roderick? Has it melted like the mirage in the summer sun? Has the bellboy carried it off? Has it become entangled in the elevator shaft, or what has become of it? Mr. Baker says he isn't ready. Here is a man with all the power and all the wealth of the Federal Government at his command, and twenty-three of heaven's longest days to gather evidence against me, a wanderer in a strange land and a stranger in a strange court; but he isn't ready. No; he isn't ready, he never has been, and he never will be.

In former days a prosecuting attorney endeavored to hold himself as impartial as the court itself. It was not the number of convictions which made his fame, but rather the justice of them. To-day, all too frequently, the prosecuting attorney is not content with convicting men, but he must have the largest possible number of convictions to his credit.

An indictment of an honest man, even though he be acquitted, is crueler punishment than the indictment and conviction of the perpetrator of a crime. For this reason the prosecutor, whether in state or federal courts, ought not to be a partisan,

but should have an open mind until his conscience is persuaded by evidence that a crime has actually been committed. Every indictment and every prosecution which turn out to be unwarranted weaken immeasurably the authority of the courts. And any practice which diminishes the authority of the courts strikes at the very fundamental security of our liberties. I thank God that FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, young and inexperienced as he was, had the courage to oppose this arbitrary exercise of power. He was but little more than a boy when this great crisis came to him, but he met it with the bravery which we, my fellow-Members, learned to know so well in his years of service in this Hall. In that case surely the boy was father to the man.

I again quote:

There is another point in this case to which I wish to call attention for my own justification and for the benefit of another who can not to-day speak for himself—for whom in his sorrow and his misery no voice has been lifted save mine. I refer to the boy, James Cooper, and the few words I uttered in his defense, and the filthy insinuation thrown at me by the United States attorney when I uttered them. About two hours before young Cooper was arrainged before this court, and upon which occasion I spoke in his defense, I received a letter from his little sister. It was the fruit of a broken heart. It was soiled with a sister's tears. She said her poor brother was sick in mind and body, and asked me "for God's sake to help poor Jimmie."

And then because my heart was not harder than the stones of your pavement, because the milk of human kindness had not all dried up in my breast, and in spite of the advice of my friends and to the prejudice of my own cause, I raised my voice in defense of that erring, unfortunate, and misguided boy. I did it because I was not a miserable coward or feared anything he might say; but in my pity for him and sorrow for his angelic sister I would have shielded him with my own breast. Baker, characteristic of the small soul linked to his body, intimated that I did it because I feared his confession and wanted to screen my guilty head behind him. It was considered necessary that he be convicted before he

could tell on me. That was too weeks ago. To-day he is self-convicted; confessed his own guilt. And I ask Baker where he is now? He doesn't answer. I'll tell you where he is. He is in that dismal jail, just two blocks from here, within sound of Baker's voice, and I now ask Baker why isn't he here to tell on me? He doesn't answer. I'll tell you why. Because they hounded him all over this town for three days; first, got him drunk; second, promised him liberty; and, last, threatened him with direst punishment, trying to drag something out of him derogatory to my character; and, finally, all they got out of that poor, sick, and unfortunate boy was "that if everybody had treated me as well as he has (meaning me), I would have been a better boy." That is what they got out of him, and that is why he isn't here. That statement was like good money that was found on my person—"it wasn't any evidence in the case."

The chief glory of the English-speaking bar in all ages has been its solemn and forceful protest in behalf of the friendless accused. I know of no instance anywhere in the juridicial history of the English-speaking race more sublime than CUSHMAN exercised in this respect. He himself was under a charge of the most serious kind.

He knew that to defend the boy, Cooper, in open court might be construed as an effort on his part to shield an accomplice, and thus prevent testimony against himself. But this consequence weighed as light as a feather against his own sense of duty. His great tenderness of heart did not permit him to remain silent. I call upon my fellow-Members to witness that this same greatness of heart was always manifested in this Hall. So long as he did the right thing in the present moment he was content to let God take care of the future years. He held our respect and admiration, but, better still, he had our love.

I again quote from the court stenographer:

Now, then, another thing I want to speak of is this: About sixty days ago my attention was called by a fellow-townsman to the fact that our city was flooded with spurious money. I immediately sat down and wrote of this fact to Senator Charles F. Manderson—another "suspicious character" I have had some connection with—and asked him to institute an

investigation. I submit to you that I am reaping a lovely reward for my fealty to this Government! That letter Manderson sent to Baker. He has had it all the time, and he has it now, and I dare him to deny it! And yet he has the audacity to attempt to prosecute me for this crime, the very existence of which I first pointed out! When it comes to regard for the welfare of this Government I will yield the palm to no man, but before I would again risk my reputation by giving information to some of the officers of this court, to be distorted and turned against me, I would see this whole Federal Government sunk deeper in the shades of everlasting purgatory than a cast-iron cook stove would fall in nine hundred years. That is what I think about that.

To those certain newspaper men who have exhausted their genius in describing to the public my "hatchet-faced, hawk-eyed, and lantern-jawed" appearance, I would only say I doubt not that sickness and sorrow have wasted my features, that grief and disappointment have traced their sad story on my face, but sin nor crime has made no wrinkle there.

That I would commit any crime is preposterous, but I would rather die than sin against this Government. If there is one spot in my heart that is more tender than another, one impulse of my soul that thrills quicker than all others, it is my love for this Government. This Government my ancestors helped to found; they helped to preserve it from destruction after it was founded; and its purity and perpetuity are a part of my life. * * *

Another thing I want to refer to, which may not be "evidence in the case," but which is, nevertheless, convincing proof of my innocence, is the fact that I remained here to face this charge after I was released and placed under bonds. To any sane man that is convincing and conclusive proof of my innocence. Through the extreme courtesy of his honor, my bonds were placed at the pitiful sum of $500, which matter was arranged by my brother and gray-haired father without a murmur. Great God! that I should ever have lived to see the day when those who are nearest and dearest to me on earth should be forced into a court of justice to bail me out like a common criminal! Had I been guilty, I would have fled the instant the air of freedom fanned my cheek. Had I been guilty, my own kin, regardless of their bond, would have counseled me to flee, for even with that foul load of dishonor upon me, the remnant of their love would have clung to me wherever I fled in criminal exile Let no man accuse me of vaunting the virtues of my own family when I say that tender

solicitude and open-handed generosity toward one another are unfailing attributes of the whole race. By them filthy coin is never weighed in the same scale by which our joint happiness is measured. Never a misfortune weighed down one which the outpouring of the little all of the remainder would avert. Then, does any sane man say that, when only restrained by the pitiful and pusilanimous $500 I would have remained to meet this charge, of which, if proven guilty, the punishment is imprisonment for half a lifetime? No man who knows how I love liberty and despise wealth will believe that.

And now that I am dismissed, it is wondered why I linger here to make this explanation. Yes; after I have been causelessly arrested and detained for twenty-three days I am now dismissed with a blot upon my name and a stain upon my reputation. I can now go and rebuild what some one else has torn down. I can now commence to repair what has cost me the labor of my little lifetime to build up and what some one else has wantonly destroyed in a single hour. But I am dismissed! What an unreasonable fellow I must be to object after I have been dismissed! I am not here, if you please, hunting for a dismissal, but demanding a vindication. A mere dismissal might afford a sufficient hole for a guilty whelp to crawl out of, but it is no doorway for an innocent man to walk through. That dismissal is, of course, payment in full for all that I have suffered in mind and body, and I presume it is a full legal tender for the tears of my mother when she read the account of this filthy thing, and I was imprisoned and not allowed to send her a little message and tell her it was all a false and damnable lie!

* * * * * * *

I am through, your honor, and I extend to the court my sincere thanks for the extreme courtesy so graciously tendered me, and also to the numerous gentlemen for their kind attention.

These excerpts from CUSHMAN'S address to the court, delivered while yet his manhood was in its early dawn, reveal the dominating qualities of his character, those qualities which made him so forceful a personality here.

You recognize courage of the highest order. He was big enough to extend his hand to one of the weakest of God's creatures at a time when by doing so he imperiled his own future

safety. He showed a genius for friendship when his eye could not pierce the clouds that enveloped him roundabout. When his sense of duty and his self-interest clashed, self-interest sank from sight and unhesitatingly he trod the path of duty, heedless where it might lead. Though scarcely more than a boy, he had already learned the lesson that he who meets the crises of his life face to face may go forth into the future with a divine indifference to the petty judgments of men and time. He knew that the all-important thing was to do the brave and manly thing now, careless of future consequences. He felt that though the circumstances of earth might crush an innocent man, they could not scar his soul. Slander may bow the head and even break the heart, but it can not long injure the reputation of the living or the dead. There is a power somewhere in the universe which preserves all the noble, tender, and heroic impulses of good men and which mercifully prepares oblivion for the slanders and passions and meannesses of other men.

CUSHMAN is dead. There was always a rivalry between the greatness of his mind and the greatness of his heart. He was equally brilliant and noble and manly. His character and his intellect were in perfect equilibrium. Like Lincoln, his wonderful humor was employed not as an end in itself, but only to illuminate the controlling purposes of his life. It never became his master, but was always the servant of his serious thought. It was not like heat lightning, brilliant but purposeless. It rent the clouds asunder, and the rains fell upon the dusty highway of human life.

CUSHMAN is dead, but his open, manly, and affectionate utterances and deeds will live forever in the memory of this great body, which in his lifetime he honored and loved.

Address of Mr. Knowland, of California

Mr. Speaker: With the innumerable matters constantly engaging our attention, and in a body as large as the House of Representatives, it is difficult and practically impossible for Members to become intimately acquainted with but a comparatively small percentage of their colleagues. Probably the best opportunities for intimate acquaintance, resulting frequently in the forming of lasting friendships, present themselves through the association of Members day after day on the great working committees of the House.

I consider myself fortunate that such an opportunity came to me through service on the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, where I sat for a number of years with the distinguished Member from the State of Washington, the late Francis W. Cushman. The fact that we were the only two Pacific coast and far western representatives on that committee of itself tended to bring us into closer relationship.

Those members of this committee who officially visited the Panama Canal during the Christmas holidays a little over a year ago recall with no small degree of satisfaction that Representative and Mrs. Cushman were of the party, and the cheerfulness and geniality of the gentleman from the State of Washington added not a little to the pleasure and enjoyment of all. I call to mind very distinctly many occasions during that trip, particularly after we had reached the Tropics, when the evening hours were the most pleasant, of coming upon Representative Cushman and wife seated together in some sheltered nook on deck, content and happy in the enjoyment of each other's company, which suggested to me the thought that no newly wedded couple on their honeymoon could have evidenced

greater devotion. How little either then imagined that in less than seven months the hand of death would be laid heavily upon one, causing a separation that only such an affliction could have brought about. I have no doubt but that the sorrowing widow has looked back a thousand times and thanked God for the privilege of those sweet hours of association with the man she loved—opportunities which in this busy world come only too infrequently to man and wife in the whirl of business, social, and public life, a fact to which we invariably awaken when too late.

It is not my purpose to review in detail the career of Congressman CUSHMAN, leaving this to the Representatives from his own State. I do, however, wish to touch briefly upon certain characteristics of the man which appealed particularly to me. Congressman CUSHMAN abhorred sensationalism. He always evidenced the greatest contempt for the individual who would put aside personal convictions in order to gain favor with the mob that appeared to be, for the time being, in public favor. He has frequently expressed to me an abiding faith in the common sense of the great American people, contending that, although perhaps temporarily swayed by the clamor of demagogues, they could be depended upon eventually, under the calm judgment of second thought, to return to that which was sane. Others might be carried off their feet by those cycles of hysteria which sweep across the continent, but CUSHMAN never came under the spell. He was the sworn enemy of every sham, and it was a delight to listen to him unburden himself when he found some one in sympathy with his state of mind.

He was a poor boy and had never known leisure. He died possessed of small means, but he left a record of a life full of successes and an honorable name, which are more valuable than vast estates. Few men are endowed with a keener wit, the

display of which often resulted in confusion to an antagonist in debate. Too frequently men thus gifted are unmerciful in wounding the feelings of others, the desire to score a point or raise a laugh being indulged in without thought of how the thrust may wound a sensitive antagonist, frequently cutting to the very quick. His humor was never used to wound, but was strikingly effective in illustrating a point. CUSHMAN was an indefatigable worker, never overlooking the smallest request from the most obscure constituent. He was an active and efficient member of the committees to which he was assigned.

The country feels his loss; his State, which honored him for six successive terms, is deprived of a most experienced and able representative. The Pacific coast delegation, of which he was one of the oldest in point of service, realizes that the interests of the coast have lost a most effective champion. I doubt not that had he lived greater honors would have been accorded him; but had he attained position with added powers, had he occupied stations carrying honors beyond those previously held, FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN would never have forgotten his origin, and at all times and upon every occasion would have shown sympathy for those who sprang as he had from the lowliest station. No added honor could have increased the love borne him by his colleagues, and his delightful personality will always be one of the most pleasant memories cherished by every Member of this House who was privileged to sit with him.

Address of Mr. Stevens, of Minnesota

Mr. Speaker. It is a melancholy privilege to one who knew Francis W. Cushman well at the height of his activities and usefulness now to bear a last and loving tribute to his memory.

Our intimacy and friendship has filled a very important place in my life in this House, and the usual expressions of courtesy and regret on occasions of this sort have no part in any remarks by me. For six years we sat side by side in the almost daily sessions of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and for two terms our seats adjoined upon the floor of the House. We had engaged in the same contests and had many similar views on public questions, and had traveled together many thousands of miles, on land and seas, in the performance of public duties.

Thus opportunity came to me to know him as he actually was. It was given to me to realize the real man and to appreciate the worth and beauty of his character and life. His was a rare spirit, such as is given to few on this earth, to illumine the pathway as he went, by the brilliancy of his wit, by the soundness of his wisdom, by the breadth of his experience, and the strength and the courage of his heroic nature. The pomp and power and pride of official position never changed his simple faith or effaced the lovable and the steadfast in his manly character. No man can go far astray whose love of family and kindred and friends was so great and a guiding element in his daily personal and public life, as such was with our lamented associate. There always recurred to his memory the visions of a youth of privation and sacrifice and struggle, and yet brimming with the recollections of material helpfulness and family affection and youthful ties, which directed and

sweetened and inspired the constant upward march of his own career and fortunes.

He was fortunate in his domestic happiness and in his personal likings for men, and these with his ever-present good sense saved him from being spoiled as the world began gradually to appreciate him as one of the most interesting and unique characters of our later political history. The most distinguished festal occasions in this country eagerly sought his presence and the assistance of his brilliant and almost inspired tongue, and the gems of his addresses yet linger in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to hear them as some of the real events of a lifetime.

None could surpass him in the breadth of genuine humanity, which seemed to permeate all of his works, his character, and his philosophy of life. This was the basis of his power to move men. His quaint appeals to the sense and sensibilities of his auditors gave him always a ready hearing, won for his arguments a most cordial reception, and made for him a deserved reputation as one of the most effective platform orators of our time. He could really show to us ourselves as others honestly see us. He appreciated and illustrated as few have done the real western characteristics of the composite American beyond the Mississippi River. He reveled in the depths of resourcefulness and helpfulness and optimism of the men who made the West, and became a striking personal example of their idealism, their progressiveness, and patriotism. From his own loyal nature and experience he portrayed the virtues and advancement which his section and his people had made within a score of years, and that this was but the index of what the future would surely bring forth. As the mood came he would soar with the wings of the wind above the material considerations which moved men here and seek the serener atmosphere where his

spirit loved to dwell, and then a moment after would bring us back to earth in the tenderest, kindest, and brightest way, with smiles chasing tears and tears melting into laughter, all of us the better for the glimpse, with him, into the higher and brighter spheres.

These God-given gifts are too often abused by their possessors. His was the exception. He believed his rare faculty was granted to him for the uplifting of his fellow-men, to lead them along the sound and safe paths in personal and public affairs, and to impress them with the ever true and yet ever old truths as to the relations of man with their fellow-men and the obligations of us all to our country and its most beneficial institutions. Yet none knew better than he, that mingled with the loftiest strains of sacrifice and patriotism will be so often found the meaner streaks of selfishness and narrowness, and that it is the sum of all these qualities which must make up our communities and our Nation, and that practical men of affairs must take account of man as he actually is and labor to make conditions just a little bit better.

He always gloried in what his people and section had accomplished in the span of a short life, and to him was given the clear vision to behold within this time the gigantic forces which had swept the American desert from the map of the interior of our continent, which has created great and rich cities, fertile farms, and happy homes amid the wilderness, almost by the wand of the genii, and had peopled them with the most restless, progressive, ambitious, and resourceful composite of the races of the world. And no one has surpassed him in depicting the wonders of this history and the humanity and hopefulness which radiates through every part of it.

We miss him in our public work. We miss his clear-eyed courage, his sound wisdom, and radiant hopefulness. We miss

his profound faith in the triumph of the forces of progress and brotherly kindness, and that with the splendid material advancement would equally go the highest moral and spiritual accompaniment. We miss his keen and accurate analysis of men and conditions, when, with a phrase which would electrify his listeners, he would lay bare the source of the difficulties which would almost suggest their own remedies. No one could do that unless he be gifted with an honest soul, a clean mind, and a serene courage and faith which believes in a triumphant righteousness.

But words can not add to his fame among his fellow-men or to the love which those who knew him well bore for him. His memory for us will be a cherished treasure, and the example of his qualities and his achievements will be a grateful possession for those of us who were his friends, and a blessed legacy to those who had the right to love him best. And no one can rightfully tell how far that bountiful affection of his for his loved ones and their sympathy and love for him uplifted and ennobled and sanctified that life to which they all had contributed and for which they have such a just and mournful pride.

When his final summons came few had greater right to exclaim:

> I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.
>
> He never failed to march breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never thought, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
> Believed we fall to rise; are beaten to fight harder; sleep to wake.

Address of Mr. Wickersham, of Alaska

Mr. Speaker: The people of Alaska wish me to pay their tribute of love to the memory of Frank Cushman. He was my friend for twenty years, and every sentiment which I express for the people of my Territory comes also from the abundance of my own affection for him.

The hardy men of the far Northwest wish me to acknowledge their indebtedness to him as a national legislator. It rarely falls to the lot of a Member of this House to represent two great constituencies at the same time, but for some years Frank Cushman represented his own State of Washington on this floor and, out of his innate courtesy and his abiding friendship for the miners of Alaska, gave equal attention to their interests.

Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, and Frank Cushman, of Washington, gave Alaska her organic laws. They laid the foundation stones upon which the loyal men of the North are to build another sovereign State in the American Union.

Cushman was a man of the Great Plains—a cowboy in his youth and a mountain man. His independent character developed along the line of freedom in government, and, when the opportunity came to draft an organic law for Alaska, he followed the principles of his Revolutionary ancestors and drew a bill which gave the pioneers of that Territory the right to begin the formation of an American State.

The people of Alaska knew and appreciated Frank Cushman, and the confidence which they had in him was returned in kind. He was a frontiersman, as they are. He was a plainsman, a mountain man, and a miner, as they are. His faults, like theirs, were those of a cleanly minded man in love with the plains, the rivers, and the mountains. He forgave faults in the men of

Alaska and hid them smilingly; he appreciated their homely virtues and lovingly exaggerated them. They will always remember him as a happy westerner who did great things with a smile and a story which amused and instructed without wounding.

Death comes to all; it is a common heritage; but a brilliant mind, a happy heart, a successful public career, and the friendship of a great frontier country come only to a favored few.

CUSHMAN'S brilliance of mind, his happy disposition, his manifold legislative activities for the people of Alaska, and the bonds of friendship which grew between himself and the "sourdoughs" of the North have impressed them much more than the single fact of death. They will remember all that was bright and happy and good in his character. They will remember that he was a brilliant orator, a legislator of national reputation, a loving husband and son; but more than all will they remember that he was their friend.

Hail, from the land of the northern light,
Whose arctic halo illumes the night.
Hail, from the Land of the Midnight Sun,
Where the mighty Yukon's waters run.
Hail, from the land of riches untold,
Where "niggerheads" carpet a floor of gold.
Hail, from Juneau, Valdez, Fairbanks, Nome;
From the humble miner in his mountain home;
Hail, from Alaskans, who loved him well,
Who pay their tribute and bid farewell.

Address of Mr. Olcott, of New York

Mr. Speaker. The gentlemen that have preceded me had the high privilege of knowing for a greater number of years, and more intimately than I, our late colleague Francis W. Cushman, but I know that none of them can appreciate more than I do his charming personality and his great ability, and I share with them a sense of great personal loss.

It was given to me to be present at the last time he delivered a public address. It was on the occasion of a dinner given by the Canadian Club, of New York, in the city of New York, on May 14, 1909. Notwithstanding the pressure of work, he had consented to go to New York and talk on the Panama Canal from a layman's standpoint. Mr. Cushman was received with the acclaim that would be naturally accorded to one of his position on such an occasion, but at the close of his speech he received an ovation that was a tribute to his ability and to his personality there so admirably exhibited that is seldom equaled, and at the end of the dinner the distinguished guests pressed forward to have the pleasure of personally greeting the man who had so charmed them. I think that nothing I can say can express so well the real character of the man of whom we speak than to print as part of my remarks what he said then in this, his last public utterance:

The Toastmaster. The Hon. Mr. Cushman, gentlemen, has the reputation of being one of the most eloquent and witty speakers in the House of Representatives. I am sure that when you have heard him you will so conclude. He is here to speak on the subject of "The Panama Canal," and I have very great pleasure in introducing him. [Applause.]

Hon. Francis W. Cushman. Ladies and gentlemen, it is with more than usual trepidation that I arise on this occasion. So far as I recall this is to be the second encounter of my life with Canadian Club. [Laughter.] In

that former encounter I was badly worsted in the sixth or seventh round—I have forgotten exactly which. [Laughter.] My memory has never been exceedingly accurate regarding the closing operations of that conflict. [Laughter.]

There is an American superstition abroad in the land to the effect that an American politician can always make a speech, under any and all circumstances. I will add somewhat to the knowledge of mankind to-night if I do nothing else than destroy that time-honored superstition. [Laughter.]

The chairman of this meeting has given me a very kindly introduction to you, leaving, perhaps, the idea that I was going to make you an excellent speech. I am reminded of a little incident that occurred to me in one of our Southern States. I climbed off the train very hurriedly at one of the stations in Alabama. I wanted some change very quickly, and I rushed up to a rather ragged-looking colored brother and said to him, "Could you give me change for $20?" He looked at me, and he said: "No, I can't, boss; but I thanks you for de compliment jes de same." [Laughter and applause.]

Now, gentlemen, although I may prove decidedly disappointing to you to-night, like that colored brother, I thank you for the compliment just the same. [Laughter.]

I am laboring under another embarrassment. Whenever I come over here to New York City—the great empire city of this nation—coming as I do from the far West—why, I always get so nervous at these banquets that I can hardly get my knife into my mouth. [Laughter.]

Seeing this bevy of beauty we have with us to-night, Mr. Toastmaster, reminds me of a little incident that happened to one of the members of our legislature, Yon Yenson by name—American citizen, I think, of French extraction. [Laughter.] Yenson had been raised away out on the frontier, and he was not used to any of the modern conveniences of civilization. He never had talked over a telephone in his life. Some of the boys got to explaining to him what a wonderful thing the telephone was, and that he could talk to his wife Lena, if he desired, 250 miles away. He declined to believe that story. In order to demonstrate it to him they told central to get his wife on the wire, then they called him up and instructed him to take hold of the telephone, and go up and put his mouth close to the telephone and say, "Hello, Lena! is that you?" There was a great storm raging somewhere along the line, and just as he placed his mouth to the

telephone lightning struck the wire and knocked him about 15 feet. When he got up, he said: "That's Lena, all right." [Laughter.]

I am honored and pleased to be here to-night on this great occasion, to utter my words of felicitation. There lies to the north of us a great country, inhabited by people who are separated from us only by an imaginary line. [Applause.] The great Aryan branch of civilization has been declared the greatest of all the branches of the human tree; and the English-speaking offshoot has formed the highest type of perfect manhood whose feet have pressed the earth since the day that Noah left the *Ark*. [Applause.] Let us not, therefore, quarrel with our neighbors and our kin. Let us vie with them in friendly emulation; let us vie with them on that high and honorable field of open and fair endeavor, where every forward step taken, alike by your people or mine, shall redound to our mutual benefit and our common glory. [Applause.]

I see sitting upon my left hand here an honored member of the Canadian parliament, occupying in that great country a somewhat similar position to the one I occupy in our own country. I do not know how it is with my countrymen in general—some men have strange ambitions. I never had the political ambition that made me desire to be a member of the state legislature, or desire to be a governor; but from my earliest boyhood I had a consuming desire to be a Member of the great American House of Representatives. Down the vista of all my dreams I saw arising the great white Dome of the Capitol of the only true republic on earth. [Applause.] And I followed that vision from youth to manhood, through sickness and sorrow and misfortune, with an ambition that was as honorable as it seemed hopeless. And in the years of my young manhood, after pursuing it like a constable after an absconding debtor, I overtook it. [Laughter and applause.] When I reached the Capitol of my country, I guess my lines of elevation and specifications were not such as to mark me down to those who gazed upon me as a Congressman, but I felt all right! [Applause and laughter.] My hair was a trifle long and my coat not of the latest cut, but as I reached the Capitol of my country and started down that long corridor toward the door of the House of Representatives, looming in front of me, I felt, sir, that God's elect were about to come into their own! [Laughter.] To be entirely frank with you, I could feel the earth tremble, conscious of the importance of my tread. [Laughter.]

But, unfortunately, when I reached the doorway in the Capitol, they had a couple of guards stationed there to keep out the profane. One

of those fellows grabbed hold of me and said, "Stand back, there! Stand back! Keep this way clear. You can't go in there; nobody but Members of Congress are allowed in there!" I said, "If you please, sir, I am a Member." He said, "You are a what?" [Laughter.] "Why," I said, "I am a Member of Congress; my name is Mr. CUSHMAN, from the State of Washington." He took out a long, printed list, ran down that list, and said, "Is your name FRANCIS W CUSHMAN?" I said, "That is me." [Laughter.] The fellow bowed clear below his garters, and he said, "Pass right in, Mr. CUSHMAN." As I went through the swinging doors he turned to the other guard and said "Good God, Bill! Did you see that?" [Laughter.] And then he said, "I will never have the nerve to stop anything else that shows up!" [Laughter.]

I realize that the toast, "The Panama Canal," is an unusually dry subject. [Laughter.] I would not willingly have chosen it myself, had not my beloved friend and colleague, Brother Olcott, insisted that I should come over here. He said, "CUSHMAN, you have got to go; I will feel humiliated if you don't go." I knew I would feel humiliated if I did. [Laughter.] But I have for him that fondness and affection, and likewise, having observed him for many years in the House of Representatives, I know he speaks as one having authority. So when he requested me to come I considered it as a command.

I take it, gentlemen, that there is no true American who is not deeply interested in that great project, the completion of the Panama Canal; a project in which is wrapped up our pride, our prosperity, and which makes for our national prestige. I shall not weary you to-night with any technical nor tiresome details.

I have visited the Isthmus of Panama twice in my life, once four years ago and once last January. And before I went to Panama I had a consuming desire to understand, if I could, the manner in which that canal was being dug. I had talked with engineers, who talked to me learnedly about the prism of the canal, the Gatun dam, the double flight of locks, and the great Culebra cut, and numerous other high-sounding terms that left my mind an entire blank. [Laughter.] I felt, perhaps, that there were other men in the United States who labored under similar difficulties with myself. The varying degrees of misconception among the American people regarding that canal range all the way from those who think it is to be a shallow ditch, dredged across the narrow, flat neck of land, to other people who think that the mountains are so high at that point that

a great tunnel is to be driven through the mountains, whose top shall be high enough to admit the smokestacks of battle ships.

Now, then, if I can do nothing else to-night, I may perhaps be able to draw you in simple language a layman's picture of the Panama Canal—a white man's picture, so to speak—that an ordinary, intelligent American citizen may understand, unencumbered with high-sounding scientific and technical terms. If I do that in a few moments, I shall feel amply repaid for the effort.

First, let me say, that a trip to the Isthmus of Panama is indeed delightful. No man who lives in a northern clime ever sailed away in midwinter toward the Tropics without being overtaken by a feeling of delight. Every additional hour the breezes feel more balmy, and as he sees the shade of palm-fringed islands in the distance he begins to realize the dreams of his boyhood, when we all of us aspired to be not the President of the United States, but the boss pirate of the Spanish Main. [Laughter.]

On the way to Panama we pass one exceedingly historic bit of land—the island of San Salvador, being that island upon which Christopher Columbus first set foot on the soil of the Western Hemisphere. It is one of the group of Bahama Islands. Unfortunately the name has been changed from San Salvador to Watling Island—when or how this name was changed I have been unable to ascertain. I was told it was presumed to have taken its name from one John Watling, a sin-hardened old pirate, who was shot for sacking the city, about 1681.

But as we pass on south, beyond the island of San Salvador and toward the Isthmus, we begin to see the beautiful, gorgeous constellations studding the skies, chief among them the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross. I take it that few of you men here in New York are familiar with the Southern Cross; you are more familiar with the double cross. [Laughter.] That, gentlemen, I am informed, is a constellation that can be seen to great advantage from almost any elevation on Wall street. [Laughter.]

Many of us for years have thought the Isthmus of Panama was a semi-barbaric region, with no history worth remembering, no story worth recalling, until the American Nation began to dig the canal there. Permit me to assure you that that is a mistake. There are few bits of territory in the Western Hemisphere that have a history more romantic and engaging than that little ribbon-like neck of land which joins North and South America.

Christopher Columbus, on his fourth voyage, sailed around the southern shores of the Caribbean Sea and passed the Isthmus of Panama. Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Panama at almost the exact point where the canal is now projected; and from the summit of one of the palm-fringed hills in the center of the Isthmus the all-conquering eye of the white man first beheld the blue expanse of the mighty Pacific.

The city of Panama, on the Pacific coast side, years and years ago—centuries ago—was one of the richest cities of the globe. It was a veritable storehouse for the pearl fisheries of the Pacific and a clearing-house for the gold and silver treasures of Peru. In sixteen hundred and odd Morgan, the great buccaneer—not Pierpont, but Henry [laughter]—crossed that Isthmus at the head of 2,000 pirates and sacked that city, which then had nearly a hundred thousand people and untold treasures. There arises to-day from the midst of the remains of the old city of Panama the tower of the Church of St. Catherine, and you get a fine idea of the age and of that civilization when I tell you that it was in that church that Pizarro stopped to say mass on his way to conquer Peru.

It has a history, romantic and engaging, and I might continue for hours to digress upon that, but I must hurry on, mindful of the fact that there are eminent men to follow me.

In the first place, I might say that the points of the compass are sadly confused upon the Isthmus of Panama. If you will bear in mind, as you travel from North America south, down through Mexico and Central America and into the Isthmus of Panama, while we are presumably traveling south, the line of land runs first south, then southeast, then east, and then turns back northeast. So that the Isthmus of Panama, at the point where the canal crosses, runs northeast, and the line of the canal cuts across in the direction of southeast; so, when you stand at the Pacific coast terminus of the canal you are farther east than you were when you left the Atlantic end. [Laughter.]

While in the city of Panama I enjoyed the uniqe pleasure of seeing the sun rise directly out of the Pacific Ocean. I was stopping at the Hotel Tivoli, which was an entirely temperance joint [laughter], and I know I was in the full possession of my faculties.

So that to-night, instead of saying east and west or north and south, I shall speak of toward the Atlantic Ocean or toward the Pacific Ocean, and toward North America or toward South America, meaning thereby to make myself better understood.

In the first place, the problems that surround the building of the canal have their inception in the physical features of the Isthmus itself. Therefore I can make myself better understood by describing, briefly, the Isthmus.

Those of you who may look at a map of the Western Hemisphere will note a continuous chain of mountains running near the Pacific Coast, the entire range of both the North and South Americas. These mountains in the Northwest are known as the Cascade Range; in California they are known as the Sierra Nevada Range; in Mexico as the Sierra Madre Range, and in South America as the Andes Mountains. But it is all one chain of mountains, the backbone of the Western Hemisphere. At various points in both North and South America that chain of mountains reaches a tremendous altitude, while at other points a lesser altitude; and in the Isthmus of Panama it sinks so low it might better be described as a range of hills than as a chain of mountains.

Now, then, the earlier discoverers found in the Isthmus of Panama, along that range of hills, two hills. We will assume for a moment that the range runs this way [indicates] and the two hills stand like that [indicates]. Between those two hills is a low saddle. That low saddle constitutes the lowest point of land between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, from Alaska to Cape Horn. The early discoverers found that, and when the Panama Railroad was built they built their line through that low saddle, between those two hills. Afterwards, when the French company surveyed out the Panama Canal, they laid it out parallel, practically, with the railroad, and likewise running between those two low hills. Some man says, "How high are those hills?" The highest one is on the South American side, known as Contractors Hill, and the top of the hill is only 662 feet above the level of the ocean. On the other side, the other hill is known as Gold Hill, and it is only a trifle over 400 feet in height; and the saddle between those two hills—the low point—is only 352 feet above mean tide level. That 352 feet is only a little more than 100 yards

"Well," some man says, "we have only got to dig down a hundred yards; why, we will get that canal finished in no time." But, softly, not so fast; because you must remember there would be not only that depth of 352 feet, but there would be the immense shelving of the banks, and 200 feet or 400 feet width at the bottom, with two sloping sides on a cut 9 miles in length. When you get to moving that amount of dirt it is a little like moving Manhattan Island.

Now, then, let me speak for a moment of the rivers on the Isthmus. The people who determined to dig the canal necessarily desired to take advantage of all the features of the Isthmus they could. Numerous small rivers take their head in this range of hills, part of them flowing into the Atlantic and part into the Pacific. One river flows from a point opposite the saddle down into the Atlantic, some 23 miles. That is the Chagres River. On the Pacific side another river takes its rise near this saddle and flows into the Pacific. The name of that river is the Rio Grande.

Reduced to its simplest terms, then, the plan of digging the canal is, commencing on the Atlantic side to dig up the valley of the Chagres River toward this saddle in the hills, then to cut through this saddle, then to dredge down the Rio Grande to the Pacific, all of which sounds very simple.

Now, then, a word about those two rivers. The Chagres River, on the Atlantic side, is the larger of those two streams. In the dry season it is an inconsiderable stream. A man can stand on the bank and toss a pebble across the Chagres River in the dry season; but in the wet season it becomes a torrential and uncontrollable flood, frequently rising 20 feet in twelve hours. In that 23 miles between this saddle in the hills and the Atlantic Ocean the Chagres River winds back and forth across that valley; the line of the canal runs straight; it therefore happens that the Chagres River, between the base of the hills and the Atlantic Ocean, crosses the canal 23 times; therefore, if the uncontrollable flood of the Chagres River were turned haphazard into the canal, with its dirt and rotten banks, when the flood subsided the canal would be destroyed. Now, there is no other place to approach the Atlantic end of that canal except up the Chagres Valley. Therefore, in some manner the waters of the Chagres River must be harnessed and controlled; and the eminent American engineers on the Isthmus determined that, while they were harnessing the Chagres River, they would utilize its flood waters as an element in helping to construct the canal.

Now, then, you will hear many men speak of a sea-level canal, as distinguished from a lock canal. Reduced to its simplest terms, What is a sea-level canal? The Suez Canal, in the Old World, is a sea-level canal, dredged out through a great sandy region, and the ships that go into the Suez Canal travel the entire length of the canal upon the same level as the two oceans. In other words, a sea-level canal means simply a notch cut in the earth, not only down to sea level, but 40 feet below sea level, in order to furnish navigable water for ships to go through. That is what a

sea-level canal is. And yet, it is proper to state, that while there is no lock in the Suez Canal, even if the Panama Canal were ever to be made a sea-level canal there would necessarily be at least one lock in the canal to be called a tidal lock. Why? Because of the difference in height of the tide in the two oceans. Now, don't misunderstand me, because the line of mean tide is the same all the world round. But the tide rises above the line of mean tide and falls below the line. At Panama, on the Atlantic side, the tide rises 9 inches above mean tide and falls 9 inches below; on the Pacific coast side the tide rises not 9 inches, but 9 feet above mean tide and falls 9 feet below. Therefore, if that canal were dug with no tidal lock, you may imagine the disastrous force of that vast volume of water pouring unrestrained through the canal.

But our canal is not to be, under the present plans, a sea-level canal. Let me assume that every one at this table is familiar in a way with the operation of a canal and the locks therein. The ordinary canal, with which you and I are familiar, is a stream that flows gently down, following the contour of the country, having a gentle flow in one direction. When that stream is made into a canal, the canal instead of having a gentle flow, consists of a series of levels, with locks at various points. A lock in a canal is nothing more nor less than a cup. When both ends are closed the lock is separated entirely from the canal. When a boat is going down a canal the upper end is opened and the boat goes in upon the high level. Then the upper end is closed and the water is lowered in the lock, slowly, and the boat sinks down. Then the lower end is opened and the boat moves out upon the lower level. When a boat is ascending a canal the operation is reversed. The boat comes up on the lower level, sails into the lock and the lower end is closed; then the water is pumped into the lock until the boat rises to the high level, and the boat goes off on the high level.

That is the way locks in all ordinary canals work. But the difference between the Panama Canal and the canals you and I are familiar with is that in most canals the slope is all one way. In the Panama Canal the slope is two ways. I take it that there are many men in this room who, in the days of their boyhood, attended the old schools where there was a stile that crossed the schoolhouse fence. You walked up three steps to the top of the fence, then stepped across the fence, and walked down three steps to the level of the ground on the other side. That, my friends, is a homely picture of the way the Panama Canal is being built. The ships will be raised, by a series of three locks, or three steps, to the level of 85

feet above the sea, and then floated across the backbone of the continent on the 85-foot level, and then let down on the Pacific side three steps more on that side. [Applause.]

If you will indulge me just a moment—I will not weary you with anything indirect—but I want, just for a moment, to show you this picture, as I think it will give you a better idea. [Speaker exhibits a large map of the canal region and indicates points upon it as he continues his address.] This is the Atlantic end of the canal; this being the Pacific end of the canal; the chain of mountains is at this point, and the two high hills that I spoke of—one of them is located there—Contractors Hill—and Gold Hill is located a little diagonally across, like that [gesture]; and the deep cut is through this portion of the Isthmus. Now, I spoke a moment ago about the 85-foot level of the canal; about raising a ship up 85 feet and floating it across the backbone of the continent. Some man will say that is easy, if you had plenty of water up there; but how are you going to pump water up to the 85-foot level? That, my friends, is where the harnessing of the Chagres River is made one of the great potential forces in the control of this canal.

The Chagres Valley at this point [indicates] is about a mile and a half wide. The Chagres River ordinarily flows down like this [indicates] and flows out into the ocean here [points]. It is proposed at this point [indicates] to dredge in from the Atlantic Ocean on the sea level to that point [indicates]; then to build there an immense dam, a mile and a half long, across the entire Chagres Valley and raise the height of the water 85 feet. When that height is reached, that will back the water up in this great lock clear back to this point [indicates]. Then they will dredge through this portion [indicates] by a series of locks, going down at this point [indicates] 30 feet, and dropping 55 at the other two locks.

Now, if you will look just for a moment at the lower part of this map you will get a bird's-eye view.

Coming in on the Atlantic side, on the sea level, dredging out this material to this point [indicates], then the boat is raised by a series of three locks at the Gatun Dam to the 85-foot level and is then floated across. The red line indicates to where the dredging must be done. If a sea-level canal were to be built, the dredging would have to go down to this line [indicates]. But by raising the water to the 85-foot level you see there is comparatively little dredging to be done until they reach this 9-mile

section at Culebra Cut; and then a series of locks on the other side. [Applause.] I fear I have already talked too long. [Cries of "No! No!"]

It is an interesting subject. There stands at the Atlantic entrance of this canal to-day a heroic bronze statue—a statue of Christopher Columbus—placed there by the French people. The great discoverer stands in bronze, with his face fronting toward the Pacific, with his arm thrown around an Indian girl, pointing out the way of destiny toward the Pacific. That statue to-day represents, in a sense, the failure and humiliation of the French people. With no ill feeling toward them, but with the greatest spirit of kindness and charity, may I not say I hope that statue will yet mark the success of the American people where the French people have failed. [Applause.]

Mr. Toastmaster, those of us who are in politics know that we can sometimes get a compliment out of the members of our own family, when the general public fails to rise to the bait. [Laughter.] Recently, in my own State—Washington—I was about to be unanimously renominated for Congress. There was going to be a vast uprising among the people demanding my renomination. I knew that, because I had arranged it myself. [Laughter and applause.] And I knew that at some time during those proceedings I would be called out for an extempore speech; and I had a good one. [Laughter.] I had been extemporizing on it for about ten days. [Laughter.] And I wanted my mother to hear it. So I took her down to the opera house and put her in a box, and at the proper moment I came out and turned that speech loose. Gentlemen, it was not only the best speech that I ever made in my life, but at that particular time I thought it was the best speech that anybody ever made. [Laughter.] When I got through and got over to where my mother was, I said, "Mother, what did you think of it?"

"Why," she said, "FRANK, it sorter seemed to me that you didn't improve all your opportunities."

"Why," I said, "how is that, mother?"

She said, "It seemed to me that you had several opportunities to sit down before you did!" [Applause.]

[Diners rose to their feet, cheered long, and sang in chorus, "He's a jolly good fellow."]

Between the time that he delivered this speech and the publication of the proceedings of the dinner this life of CUSHMAN

had passed away, and as an addenda to this publication the president of the society, Dr. Neil Macphatter, wrote this tribute:

> It is with feelings of deep regret that we announce the death of the Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, who took such a conspicuous part in this banquet. The sad tidings of his death come to us as we go to press. Those who had the pleasure of being present at our annual dinner will recall the tender touches of wit and humor, the broad and keen insight, the commanding eloquence of this original man. The laughter and applause during his speech and at its finish, the great audience rising to their feet and cheering, are scenes that shall long be remembered.
>
> He had the soul and sympathies of a great and good man.

Such was the impression that CUSHMAN made on one occasion on those who had only seen him once, and those of us who were fortunate enough to have been associated with him constantly know so well that the closer the association and the more intimate the friendship the more he was beloved.

Where is that spirit that woke our sympathetic admiration? It is inconceivable for any of us to believe it is destroyed. Thank God, we believe in immortality and know that somewhere that spirit is shedding its radiance on others as it did in this world. God bless FRANK CUSHMAN.

Address of Mr. Englebright, of California

Mr. Speaker: As a member of the California delegation I was a friend and a great admirer of the late Mr. Cushman, of Washington, and I know that I voice the sentiments of the people of the entire Pacific coast when I express the appreciation in which they held him and their regret at his untimely death.

In him the people of the far West lost one of their best friends in Congress, a man who worked assiduously for their every interest, who was as true as steel, and who will ever be remembered by them as one of their great public men.

When we last saw him in this House none of us then realized that we would see him no more. The usual meeting, the usual parting, but that parting was a final one. To-day, in accordance with custom, we pay well-merited tributes of affection to his memory. The fact is, we are saying to him "good-bye," a word which—

We say it for an hour or for years,
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears,
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
"Good-bye."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And sears our soul with going; this we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
"Good-bye."

Alike to those we love, and those we hate,
We say no more at parting at life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry, as to the wanderer for the night—
"Good-bye."

But while he has gone from our midst yet will he ever linger in our memory, and those of us who may be here in years to come will continually recall many incidents that happened in the past that endeared him to us, wherein he showed himself to be great in spirit, pure in heart, noble-minded in every action, and fruitful in his labors.

Mr. CUSHMAN was a self-made man, and his remarkable ability in this House as an orator showed his self-education and familiarity with every walk of life. As a debater he could hold his own, and his wit, which was never used for a petty purpose, was handed out as a keen weapon to defend what he believed to be right.

As a Republican discussing the great principle of a protective American tariff, everyone knew where he stood. I will quote from one of his addresses:

> I believe in the protection of American industry and the protection of American labor. Yes; I believe in it like the heathen believes in his idol. When I say that I am a protectionist, I thank my God I do not have to apologize to anybody for that belief. I can plant the feet of my faith on the pages of my country's history.

So, on the great questions of conservation, rivers and harbors, the navy, and other national subjects, you always found him to the front with a clear and definite position, yielding his individual opinion at times for the good and welfare of the whole Nation, but faithful and true to the last.

I first met Mr. CUSHMAN in the second session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, and as a new Member of the House of Representatives found him to be a true friend, ready and willing to render assistance at all times in helping out a new Member, and a new Member appreciates a friend.

As a Californian, I remember him with kindness, for on all occasions I found that the interests of the people that he represented coincided with those of my own State. I found him always fighting for the good of the whole Pacific coast.

So, to-day, in behalf of the people of the great far West, I express their deep gratitude and their appreciation of the service he rendered to them and the pride and affection in which they will ever hold and treasure his memory.

In conclusion, I speak for the entire membership of this House, and say to the Hon. FRANK W. CUSHMAN, with all the friendship, all the love, all the sincerity, all the honor and respect that can be given to the word, "Good-by."

Mr. Speaker, I move that Members of the House be granted five days to print or extend their remarks in the Record on the life and death of Hon. FRANK W. CUSHMAN.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Humphrey, of Washington, in the chair). The gentleman from California moves that, for the period of five days, Members of the House may have leave to print remarks on the life and death of Hon. FRANK W. CUSHMAN. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

SATURDAY, *May 21, 1910.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, for this day of tender recollections, when those who have labored by our side and have shared our councils live again in memory, we thank Thee, whom the living and the dead evermore praise.

Sanctify to us, we pray Thee, the exercises of this day, and unite our hearts and our lives with those who, having fought the good fight, having kept the faith, and having finished their course, have received the crown of righteousness, and have laid hold of life eternal.

And unto Thee, who art our God and our Savior, who callest us into Thine everlasting kingdom, will we ascribe glory and praise, now and for evermore. Amen.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
April 2, 1910.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, late a Member of this House from the State of Washington.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. PILES. Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions, and ask for their adoption.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Washington will be read.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate expresses its profound sorrow on account of the death of Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Washington.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be suspended in order that fitting tributes be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the widow and family of the deceased.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. PILES, OF WASHINGTON

Mr. PRESIDENT: In the death of FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN the country has lost a notable and patriotic public man—a man possessed of strong mentality, of a fine sense of gentle but genuine humor, and of a keen perception of his duty to himself, his fellow-men, and his country.

One of the most impressive lessons taught by our history is that, however humble a man's origin or destitute his circumstances, there is no legal or artificial limit to his achievements.

Daily we come in contact with men to whom nobleness seems native, and we seldom stop to review the first pages of their history, their privations and struggles, until the last chapter is ended. It is then that we read the tablets of their lives, and as we read we marvel. Such a man—of innate nobility and of checkered career—was FRANK CUSHMAN.

He was not born to that which so often proves a misfortune—an inheritance of wealth—but to a life of toil, which calls forth the best energies and the noblest purposes of man.

His father was a physician and surgeon, who had served his country in the civil war and whose services were constantly at the command of his neighbors, though with little thought of reward. Beyond an economical living he did not seek to go, and made no accumulation of worldly goods.

His mother, Elizabeth Newell Cushman, now living at an advanced age, is a woman of high purpose and character, endowed with a wealth of common sense and quaint humor. From her broad and vigorous mind his own undoubtedly drew, in a large degree, its humor and its strength.

Mr. CUSHMAN was born at Brighton, Iowa, May 8, 1867. He received his education in the common schools and at a Quaker academy at Pleasant Plains, in that State. In order to defray his expenses at the academy he worked on a farm, in a country store, and as water boy for a section crew.

At the age of 17 he went to Wyoming, where he remained for five years, working in the various capacities of ranch or farm hand, cowboy, and school-teacher.

Notwithstanding the arduous duties young CUSHMAN had to perform, in order to rise superior to his situation he availed himself of every opportunity to develop his mind; and, with the tenacity peculiar to men strong in the determination to succeed, he gathered knowledge from the books he had carried across the plains and from those he could borrow from his neighbors. Thus he laid the foundation which enabled him to achieve success in the practice of the law and in the discharge of the duties of the high position which he subsequently occupied.

In 1889 he removed to Nebraska, where he practiced law for two years, when, being attracted by the marvelous opportunities held out to young men in the State of Washington, he removed to the city of Tacoma in 1891, where he continued to reside until his death.

When Mr. CUSHMAN reached the State of Washington he was but 24 years of age—I might say still a boy—with but little professional experience, a stranger without money, and with no friend or relative to stand sponsor for him or bring him into public notice; but he had intelligence, industry, ambition, courage, and honesty—the qualities necessary to make men great.

Those who looked upon him in the flush of his young manhood, nineteen years ago, might well have exclaimed:

> How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams,
> With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!

> Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
> Each maid a heroine and each man a friend!
> Aladdin's Lamp and Fortunatus' Purse,
> That holds the treasures of the universe.
> All possibilities are in its hands;
> No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
> In its sublime audacity of faith,
> "Be thou removed," it to the mountain saith,
> And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
> Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud.

But young and inexperienced as he was, he was not altogether unprepared for the struggle before him. He had been reared in the school of adversity. He had, at the age of 24, come to understand that "kites rise against, not with the wind," and that "no man ever worked his passage in a dead calm."

Possessing the qualities I have mentioned, this aspiring youth was destined to succeed. As hard as his lot seemed when he cast it with those who learned in later years to love him so well, there was, after all, an element of good fortune in the situation, which he soon came to know and which served him to advantage. He discovered that he had settled among a kind-hearted, liberal, broad-minded people, who were quick to recognize merit and generous in their appreciation of it.

Among this people Mr. CUSHMAN practiced law with extraordinary success until his election to Congress in 1898, and would have won distinction in his profession had he not been lured away from it to enter the field of politics. In that field he found ample opportunity for his intellectual and oratorical powers. He had a style of speech which was picturesque and singularly fascinating and which indelibly impressed itself upon the memory. Those who heard him make a campaign speech once were eager to hear him again whenever opportunity offered. From beginning to end through his speeches ran a vein of

original humor, which captured the hearts of his audience and which added greatly to his effectiveness.

As rich and as powerful as was his humor, however, he did not, I am happy to say, use it to wound, but to illustrate and convince; and if, as Carlyle says, "True humor springs not more from the head than from the heart," then Mr. CUSHMAN possessed it to a greater degree than any other man it has been my fortune to know.

At the time of his death he was widely known, and his name had become a household word throughout his State. It is not too much to say that, had he lived, his hold upon the people was such that he could have represented his district in the House or the Commonwealth in this body during his pleasure. His popularity with the people was firmly grounded upon solid and enduring qualities of mind and heart, which fitted him admirably for public service.

He was sound in his convictions upon all those great questions which enter vitally into the welfare of the country. He had the courage of his opinions and would not yield them up for any consideration personal to himself, however great the political prize. He believed that the best way to solve a problem was to apply the truth to it, and he did this freely and fearlessly and at times when personal policy might have dictated a different course.

Mr. CUSHMAN entered Congress when he was but 31 years of age, and served there without interruption until his untimely death.

His first speech in the House attracted the attention of the country and set him apart as a genius. Whenever he spoke there afterwards, it was always to a crowded House and galleries.

The longer he remained in Congress the more popular he became with his associates and with the people at large. No

one who knew him, who came in personal contact with him, who saw the kindly, generous soul that shone constantly through his mild blue eyes, who heard him talk, who listened to his stories alternating with touches of humor and pathos, could fail to appreciate his kindness of heart, his honesty of mind, his love of truth, his steadfastness of purpose, and his adherence to principle.

This, Mr. President, is neither the time nor the place to dwell upon his loyalty to his friends, his devotion to his family; but permit me to say, in passing, that his considerate and loving spirit, his sunny temperament, and the gentleness of his nature consecrated and made beautiful his home and united all hearts to his in an indissoluble tie. He was all that one brother might wish for in another, all that a wife might hope for in a husband, all that a mother might pray for in a son.

He was by nature mentally strong, but physically weak. Notwithstanding his delicate constitution, however, he was tireless in his labors. Indeed, he was the most energetic man I ever knew. His was the energy which "poverty and disease could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued," and there is little doubt that his incessant application to his congressional duties had much to do with bringing on his fatal illness.

He fell at the most important period of his career, in the prime of mental strength, and in the fullness of manhood.

Why man should thus be stricken is one of those "mysteries which heaven will not have earth to know."

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set—but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

Frank Cushman lived and died as a brave man should. He fought every battle with the courage characteristic of the brave.

For two days I stood by his bedside watching him in his last contest. He made a heroic fight, but the odds were too great, the struggle too unequal, the conflict, while short, altogether too long. His frail and weakened body was unable longer to withstand the terrible strain to which his unconquerable spirit had subjected it, and after an illness of less than two weeks, on the morning of the 6th of July, his soul passed from this into another and better world.

The character of few men has been more generously or more justly treated by press, pulpit, and bar than was his. Universal sorrow was expressed that a great and sympathetic heart had ceased to beat, a brilliant mind to scintillate.

The esteem in which he was held at home was manifested in every city, town, and hamlet.

In the beautiful park which he secured for his adopted city the people of his State will build a monument to perpetuate his memory and to stand as a loving and fitting tribute to his worth and work.

That the coming generations might know and appreciate his sterling manhood and the story of his rise from obscurity to fame, I would, if it were given to me, inscribe upon his cenotaph:

It is not helps but obstacles, not facilities but difficulties, that make men.

Address of Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana

Mr. President: He who works his way from youth to manhood, he to whom obstacles are opportunities and difficulties a test of strength, he who walks forward in the world relying on nothing but merit and with that winning livelihood, position, influence, such a man is the typical American, and such a one was Francis W. Cushman. He was poor; he made poverty an asset. He had no powerful relatives, no influential friends to aid him. Everything he got in life he won—won by solid work of hand and brain. He inherited no property; no family name gave him position which he did not earn; no distinguished relative fashioned his career.

He depended upon himself. He earned his bread from the sweat of his face. He was a water boy on a building railroad; a section hand, and then a cowboy and a lumber jack. He was a school-teacher, too, and studied that he might teach. In all the weary years of his early life of drudgery he worked to the limit of his strength by day and studied to the limit of his endurance by night. During the years when young men of our so-called better classes are being supported through college by their fathers, Frank Cushman was earning by hard labor the food he ate and the clothes he wore. In the summers during that period of life when boys of our so-called polite class are having their vacations, playing tennis, boating, shooting, Frank Cushman was toiling in the blazing sun.

And so little by little he built his life and built it solidly, built muscle and built brain, but, above all, built character. Hard as is such a life, it has one supreme advantage—it gets in touch with the eternal verities. A man so grown and seasoned comes to know in a peculiarly intimate way honor and kindness,

self-help and self-sacrifice, pity and tolerance, courage and steadfastness.

And when such an one comes to manhood's years and manhood's work and duties, he rebels at no burden—he has been trained to burdens; his heart faints not at sudden misfortunes; it has been disciplined to meet them.

Such an one is never peevish, never bitter; he has himself known want and hardship, has had his physical, spiritual, and mental muscles hardened to meet them, and understands the weakness of his looser-fibered fellow human beings who never had his own hard, wholesome training.

I find that only the extremely selfish are unkind; and the selfish man or woman may well be—nay, often is—one who apparently is generous and companionable, but who all the time is thinking only of his own comfort, his own advancement, his own interests. Often the apparently selfish man is he whom exacting circumstance has forced to be intent upon his task during those years when character is forming, so that absorption in his every task to the point of unconsciousness of all else while he is doing it becomes the habit of his life. Yet such a man who meets each day's events with a fearlessness so stern that it expresses itself in a smile usually has a heart of simplest brotherhood, a soul of sweet forgiveness, and a mind that comprehends his brother's shortcomings even as it comprehends his own shortcomings.

Thus we find that only such a man really speaks the language of the people. Only such a man ever has blood sympathy with the masses. The people know him with that deepest of all knowledge—the knowledge of instinct. Other men may have intellectual kinship with the millions that never belongs to them in deep reality. Only he whose earliest years have been spent in shoulder touch with humanity's common toil can

interpret the aspirations or even deeply know the needs of his fellow-men.

When I say this, I think of a rising circumstance in American life. In Europe there are ruling classes. I do not mean nobility only and kings; but a class of men who from father to son for generations have been public servants. It begets a sort of sense of responsibility to their people that possibly yields some results.

But as yet there is nothing of that kind here in America; yet something begins to approach it. I have observed a tendency in the last few years to invite young men of wealth into public life, as though public life belonged to them as of right. I say, "yes; welcome them; but let them earn the knowledge of the people they would serve by first serving in common touch with the people. Until then they do not deserve public office."

I notice occasionally that it is taken for granted that the sons of distinguished public men, dead or alive, should have a place in our official service by appointment—a sort of hereditary station. That is serious as a matter of national development; but it is not intolerable, if they really deserve it; if they have truly fitted themselves for it; but let them first do what FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN did through necessity, and what every man who really knows the American people must do—get in touch with the American people by performing the usual and daily tasks of our common American life.

Wendell Phillips said in his great Phi Beta Kappa address, perhaps the most inspiring utterance of his life, "That the men whose names have become household words for liberty in every nation in the world, the men who have gathered to their hearts the aspirations of the millions whom they served, have been men who come from the grass roots, and because they have come from the grass roots they have reached the stars." Above all

other human types, such a man was Abraham Lincoln. In a lesser, cruder, and a fiercer way, such, too, was Andrew Jackson. Of the same type and strain, though on a lesser scale, of course, was FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN.

The man who has led such a life as FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN led often wonders what life is really for. It seems unfair that all one's days should be spent in combat and struggle. Fate, after all, is a curious arranger of destinies. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos work out strange patterns in their spinning, weaving, and severing. No human being asked to be born, none ask to die. Yet coming hither and going hence without our consent, one man is born with the advantage of wealth without having earned it and another is born to starving poverty without having deserved it.

But it is useless to question, impossible to explain. It is a part of the insoluble mystery of human life and destiny. It may be, after all, that the man who himself with hand and brain has personally earned everything in life, earned every mouthful of food and every thread of clothing, earned every honor and worked out every achievement—perhaps, after all, such a man's soul knows a rejoicing so deep and calm and real that his apparently more fortunate brother never possibly can know.

After all, perhaps the man whom fortune helps, who has most things given him or, at least, arranged for his easy taking, is restless and unhappy in those conversations with himself, which he carries on within the cloister of his own soul, because not having wrought out for himself the things he has, he knows in his heart that he does not deserve them, and is in a certain sense a fraud.

So, perhaps, FRANCIS CUSHMAN, like other men of this sterling and genuine class, enjoyed an internal glory and heart satisfaction that others can never know.

About that we may speculate, but we can not determine; but this we know, that such men as FRANCIS CUSHMAN served their fellow-men, and served them genuinely; this we know, that the rest of us are the better that such men as FRANCIS CUSHMAN lived; and this we surely know, that the millions of American boys handicapped with poverty, friendless, and alone may yet achieve as highly for themselves and for their fellow-men as FRANCIS CUSHMAN did, if they, like him, will pay the price of heartbeats.

From every viewpoint he was a success. The coin of his life was unalloyed gold. He was true to himself, he was faithful to friends, he was a noble public servant; and when he went away he left his State and the Nation, and, through them, mankind, his debtor.

FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN never lost his enthusiasms or his faith. I noticed that while the Senator from Washington [Mr. Piles] was speaking, he referred to "the illusions of youth." The finest thing of all the fine things about FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, and of every man I know who is fortunate enough to retain them, is their holding fast to the so-called "illusions of youth," and therefore to the youth of the soul itself. Is life an "illusion?" No! Are honor or liberty or human sympathy illusions? No! Are human rights illusions? No. You may think them so, but I tell you no. Is the Republic an illusion? He is a traitor to freedom who says so. Is heaven "an illusion?" Is God "an illusion?" Never! They are the only enduring realities.

A man pays a high price here in Washington or elsewhere in life when he goes into a task full of faith that God lives and the eternal verities rule, who goes to his work inspired by that belief—he pays a heavy price, I say, when he surrenders that faith for the technique of cunning—the skill in "working upon men." A trust in God is better than craft in little politics.

All of us have seen through life—and I think it is life's great problem how we may avoid it—that this burning and splendid faith of youth in all things righteous and in their prevailing gives way after a few years of contact to the cynic's scorching sneer; and that glorious enthusiasm which paints the skies of our earlier years with a tint from heaven itself settles down to a callous and unbelieving calm. Out upon such so-called worldly wisdom! It is the subtlety of the pit in place of the supreme heights of a real and a clean intelligence.

I have in mind one statesman who has within the last few years passed from this body, one of the very greatest constructive legislators the country ever produced. He lived to be 80, or thereabouts. He held the admiration, the confidence, and the affection of every man in this chamber. And yet, up to the day of that great man's death—and I refer to Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut—his faith was as pure as the stars, his enthusiasms as strong and simple as those of a child or an angel—for both are the same.

To him honor meant something; to him the destiny of the Republic meant something; to him heaven was a reality; to him God was the greatest, the only final fact in all existence.

All this was not for him mere lip service. It was a belief that flowed in his blood. So every one of the great problems of statesmanship that he attacked, he did it with his mind of faith and with the heart of youth. He kept the great gift of enthusiasm, with which in our beginnings God endows us all, until the final day when he stepped across—and only stepped across—to the added glory of the enfranchised soul itself.

One beautiful thing, then, about FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN was that he, too, never for a moment abated the so-called "illusions of youth." "The illusions of youth!" They are in reality the only eternal truths; they are the only things that really endure.

Your plots and plans, your schemes, your ambitions, your intrigues, and all things that make the warp and woof of the little business of to-day will disappear, and they can not disappear too soon. But the "illusions of youth" will continue as long as the race itself is perpetuated and as long as the angels dwell in God's heaven.

So the finest thing in FRANCIS CUSHMAN'S life was that, although he was a section hand at 15, although he was a lumber jack at 16, although all his life he toiled, although he entered politics and was successful, although he "knew the game" as well as the craftiest and trickiest player, yet finally when God called him he went in response, with his faith still firm, his illusions unimpaired, and his enthusiasms exalted. Of the most intellectual man in America, I have prayed that these priceless endowments might be retained for him; and for all of us may the Father grant that, whatever else befalls us, heaven's faith and youth's enthusiasms may be ours till our final and everlasting release and reward.

Address of Mr. Clapp, of Minnesota

Mr. President: It was Emerson, I think, who said America was another term for opportunity. Broad as are the opportunities of America, yet, after all, it is difficult to assign to a man his true place in relationship to his fellows; for human achievement involves, first, the law of possibilities, and, second, the law of limitations. Possibility involves two classes—those which are inherent in the individual and those which are extraneous or external to the individual. The same division appears in limitations. There are those limitations which are inherent in the individual, and there are those limitations which, to the individual, are extraneous. In this complex mingling of possibility and limitation it is always difficult to assign a man to his proper place in his relation to his fellow-men. I know of no character which illustrates this law better, perhaps, than that of Napoleon.

When the French Revolution came with chaos the inevitable sequence was to be the restoration of order. The restoration of order meant leadership; and that possibility was open to every Frenchman save, of course, those in whose veins coursed the blood of royalty. To them it was barred. But to none did it come save to Napoleon.

The French Revolution being premature in its relation to the growth of sentiment to sustain the permanent establishment of a republic, the restoration of a throne was inevitable. That was a condition which presented itself to every Frenchman save those of royal blood. And yet but one rose to the great occasion, and that was Napoleon. Thus were linked together the inherent possibilities and the extraneous possibilities. There we reach the end of the possibilities in the life of Napoleon Bona-

parte. We come then to the limitations which surrounded him. When republican France gathered her energies to turn back the tide of invasion that had poured over her frontiers she carried her military operations beyond her frontiers, and wherever republican armies went republican spirit, and in many instances republican institutions, followed.

But when it became necessary to reestablish a throne in France, those institutions could no longer exist as a menace to monarchy in France, and they had to give way again to monarchy, and those people who had gathered from French inspiration a dawning gleam of liberty saw that liberty taken away from them by this great leader, and gratitude gave way to a resentment, deep and undying.

More than that, the man who might lull France to sleep with dreams of glory while he forged the chains of a monarchy had to be born outside a palace. The French Revolution differed from the English Revolution in this: The dethronement of Charles had the semblance of law and order and judicial procedure, but the dethronement of Louis was merely the rage of an unorganized and uncontrolled spirit, and that spirit flaunted its victory in the face of all the royalty of Europe as it held before their gaze the head of the dethroned king; and the man who was the product of that condition could not die in peace upon a throne. He might surround himself with the pomp and pageantry of imperial power; he might at heart be a despot; but his throne was a menace to hereditary royalty, and there arose before him a limitation which no human genius could surmount.

Historians love to tell what might have happened had Waterloo been a victory for Napoleon instead of a defeat. It matters not to human history what that result might have been, save in the personnel of the dead and wounded. But had Waterloo been a victory for Napoleon, defeat would have come else-

where, for no human genius could surmount that wall of limitation which had developed around this man's pathway. I speak of this to illustrate the strange mingling of possibility and limitation.

Grant is another illustration of the mingling of the inherent and the extraneous possibilities. Had it not been for the repeated misfortunes, to use no harsher term, of the generals in command of the eastern armies, Grant's career would have been limited to the West. But even had one of the eastern generals been successful and thus forever have prevented Grant from occupying that broader field, yet, nevertheless, the historian would have had to inscribe for Grant the legend of preeminent greatness as a leader, because, within the range of those opportunities that came from the combining of inherent and extraneous possibilities, Grant had succeeded at every step.

That is the only true test of greatness along the line of achievement, and applying that test to the life of FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN we must attribute to him greatness in a great degree, because no matter how humble his work, no matter what sphere he worked in, whether it was with the inherent possibility or the combining of inherent and extraneous possibilities, FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN measured to the full extent of the opportunity brought about by the combination.

Entering Congress he immediately assumed an important position, and as the years rolled by he grew in his power and influence, and measured by that test, we may well say that had not death terminated his career a broader field would have opened for his achievement.

But, Mr. President, there is a higher test of greatness than all this, and that is the real character and purpose of a man, and measured by that test again, we must give the palm of greatness to FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, a man of unyielding,

unswerving fidelity to purpose and conviction, and it was this that contributed so much to the respect in which he was held.

Mr. CUSHMAN entered public life at a time when the American people were gradually crystallizing to a set and permanent policy along a great line of economic development. He threw himself into that struggle with all the strength and ardor of his being, until he might have been said to have knelt at the shrine of that policy. There came a time when in the changing conditions, ever being evolved in a growing country where conditions must be constantly changing, it seemed to many that there should be a modification of that policy. But FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN never recognized the necessity for any modification. His convictions had been welded in a struggle that had left him where he could see no reason for change or modification; and I am inclined to think it is well that in this country there are some men who, not actuated by the thought of the loss of their own power and prestige but from firm conviction, can stand against the too rapid transformation that is inseparably associated with growing conditions and changing conditions.

It so happens that in free government, especially, all change of conditions necessarily comes from that only test of wisdom this side of divine wisdom itself, namely, the consensus of purpose of a great and intelligent citizenship. It so happens that these changes, of necessity, are more or less aligned with popular demand, and it may be that even the strongest of those who believe in change and modification are somewhat moved and swerved, somewhat hastened, perhaps, in their recognition for the necessity of modification by the fact that it comes from popular demand.

So it is well that under that condition the changing policies and purposes of a great people may be held somewhat in check by the stern character of a man like CUSHMAN, who, devoted

to a principle for which he had battled for years, could see no necessity for change or modification.

At all events, Mr. President, it is well for this Republic that we have men of his sterling character. His life should be an inspiration to the youth of this land. His life was an exemplification of the purposes and policies of his land, and in his death his country suffers as well as mourns.

Address of Mr. Carter, of Montana

Mr. President: The poverty of our language forbids the expression of our deepest feeling, our tenderest emotions, or our best thoughts on an occasion like this. On the desk of every Senator is found two programmes of memorial exercises for the day, the one, Hon. Francis W. Cushman, late a Representative from the State of Washington, and the other, Hon. David A. De Armond, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

These two memories might well be considered together. While they represented districts far remote from each other and were of different schools of political thought, they were known in the House of Representatives as able, devoted, and loyal representatives of their respective districts and parties.

De Armond was a disciple of Jefferson. Cushman implicitly believed in the doctrines of Hamilton. They disagreed upon fundamental principles and theories of government. Their disagreements were honest and each respected the convictions of the other. They embraced within the scope of their respective party views all of the essential features relating to government in theory and practice. Between them issues were never clouded.

In Congress and on the rostrum throughout the country each spoke in clear and ringing tones for the faith that was in him and the right as he conceived it to be.

They dealt with principles and policies on lines of logic and with an earnestness born of patriotism and devotion to duty. No two public men of our times were more thoroughly representative of the two theories of government which have prevailed in this country from the foundation of our system.

Their broad conceptions embraced and disposed of all the ephemeral issues seized upon by smaller minds as temporary rallying points for party organisms and activities.

According to their method all important issues could be fairly presented to the electors and decided in accordance with the judgment of the majority, leaving the disposition of the great mass of public business exempt from partisan disputes and subject only to constitutional limitations and just consideration for the public welfare.

In the keeping of either of these men the interests of a district were safe, and the destinies of the whole nation might have been, with perfect confidence, committed to either of them.

As long as free government endures, political parties will exist, because they supply the machinery through which issues are framed and presented for the decision of the ruling power—the body of the people.

The demagogue triumphs for an hour, a day, or a year by espousing the popular side of a subordinate issue involving passing passion, prejudice, or fallacy; but the public man who is devoted to elementary principles will successfully combat the fancy of the hour, the day, or the year, serenely confident of ultimate success, because of his faith in the eternal triumph of righteousness and justice. De Armond and Cushman would each have faced a mob, would each have encountered defeat, and preferred it while standing for the political faith in which he believed. Through such men political issues are squarely tried, because they go to trial on the issue, despising resorts to evasion or expediency. The demagogue is dangerous because he seeks to inflame rather than to correct the excesses of passion. The statesman justifies his claim to enduring fame by standing as a rallying point for correct but discredited

principles in times of turmoil and excitement. It matters not that DE ARMOND stood for extreme conservatism and CUSHMAN for the aggressive, progressive, and daring spirit of the age. Each stood for something definite, and the people could always locate these two central ideas by the position taken by these two men, who adhered with unvarying loyalty to their respective standards. By nature DE ARMOND was in favor of slow and cautious movement. He revered ancient traditions and resisted innovation, just as CUSHMAN believed in the age in which he lived as the best of all the ages, and, so believing, was willing to create new precedents by moving forward with unlimited confidence into new and unexplored regions. In a sense the one was pessimistic and doubtful of the present and the future, while the other was optimistic and confidently believed in the doctrine of evolution.

The lives of DE ARMOND and CUSHMAN will endure as a standing refutation of the oft-repeated assertion that a century and a quarter of experience leaves our country under our system bereft of opportunity for struggling men.

They reached distinction through different parties—parties directly opposed to each other. The avenues for advancement from obscurity were found to be open to these struggling men in each of the great parties arrayed along political lines, precisely as to the vision of normal men the avenues of advancement are open to-day more widely than ever before for worthy and struggling men in every field of endeavor in this country.

In our day the word of encouragement and the helping hand are reached out in all parties and in all avenues of life to the honest, the ambitious, and the industrious. This has been so from the beginning, and our political life furnishes the most abundant evidence of the fact. The only man who is handicapped in the political affairs of this country to-day—the only

man who was handicapped in the days of Washington and Jackson and Lincoln—is he who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, born with the handicap of wealth and station to be overcome. The boy from the log cabin on the frontier finds a godspeed and a welcome everywhere. The features of the life of Abraham Lincoln around which our affections cluster most fondly now are the features which were identified with obscurity and suffering and trial. So it is with the biography of every man who has figured prominently in the history of our country.

The American people constitute a separate and independent race, a composite race made up of contributions from all the world outside. Probably we represent the best development of the Aryan race the world has known, or ever will know, because no such theater remains for assembling the elements as this virgin continent presented four centuries ago. Character building has been in progress in all the States and communities of this country from the beginning, and whatever may be said of the power, the wealth, the pomp and circumstance of place, the fact is now as it has ever been in this country of ours, that character, integrity, and unselfish devotion to duty are at a higher premium in the United States than those qualities have ever attained in the estimation of mankind anywhere else.

The biographies of these two distinguished men, who lately departed this life, as Representatives, one from Missouri and the other from Washington, are instructive, and to the youth of this country, Mr. President, they are inspiring. The autobiography of DAVID A. DE ARMOND, of Missouri, was written up as approved by him in just six lines. He had reached a high place in Congress. He was regarded as one of the invincible debaters in that remarkable forum, the House of Representatives. He had few equals and no superiors there. Yet

this modest man, responding to the call from the printer, wrote all that he cared to write about himself in just six lines, and the two opening lines read as follows:

DAVID ALBAUGH DE ARMOND, Democrat, of Butler, was born in Blair County, Pa., March 18, 1844; was brought up on a farm; educated in the common schools.

In a few brief lines on page 132 of the same edition of the Directory appears this brief statement:

FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, Republican, of Tacoma, was born May 8, 1867, at Brighton, Washington County, Iowa; was educated chiefly at the high school in Brighton and at the Pleasant Plain Academy, of Jefferson County, Iowa; he assisted himself in securing an education by working as a "water boy" on the railroad in the summer time and attending school in the winter time; after the completion of his school course he worked for a time as a common laborer or "section hand" on the railroad; at the age of 16 he moved to the then Territory of Wyoming, where he remained for five years working as a cowboy on a ranch, in a lumber camp, teaching school, and studying law.

I will not go through the Directory, but let any young man who desires to be informed of the experience and the beginnings of Senators and Representatives read this little book with its many short biographies and he will find in every one of these, from the beginning to the end, the very reassuring fact that the Representatives of the States and the people of the United States in the popular branch of Congress have, as a rule, just such stories to tell. While the two Houses of Congress are made up of men who came up from the farms and the factories, with the accumulated experience and the sympathetic touch of all the intervening phases of life, the Government as established by our fathers and maintained by those who have preceded us will be secure, and the principles upon which it rests will be preserved, whether administered by the party of DE ARMOND following the lines of Jeffersonianism, Democracy, or the party of CUSHMAN adhering to the doctrines of Hamilton.

What has been said of one of these worthy men may well be said of the other. Both were honest. They had the confidence of their constituents and maintained that confidence because they deserved it.

It is difficult for a man in public life in this country to maintain the confidence of a constituency. Detraction has become so common, the desire to destroy reputation and impute evil motives so current, that a man must of necessity be entirely worthy of the confidence of a constituency in order long to maintain it.

I knew both these Representatives, and knew them well. In private life they were models. In public life they might well be emulated. In social life, Mr. President, they were far apart.

CUSHMAN will be remembered in the city of Washington after many, many of us have been forgotten, because of the marvelous humor which enabled him to enliven the social gatherings where he was not only welcomed but eagerly sought. I think in the quarter of a century through which the great Gridiron Club has passed in review a mighty galaxy of gifted men, no one is remembered or will be remembered with greater enthusiasm and appreciation than the splendid young man, the angular, the genial, the straightforward, the honest Representative from the State of Washington—FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN.

DE ARMOND was cut off in the middle of his career; so, likewise, was CUSHMAN. The hand of death reached both these men as they were rushing up with rapid strides to the undiscerned summit of a great career. They lived to good purpose, and their memories will remain as an inspiration for all time to come.

In their lives, devoted to duty, the nation finds a legacy of rare and priceless value. The bereaved homes in Missouri and on the distant shores of Puget Sound can find little consolation

in what may be said here, for, after all, a Congress can offer little solace to a wounded heart; its expressions at best are cold and formal, but the blameless life consecrated to duty begets a memory which may in some measure compensate for an otherwise irreparable loss.

Address of Mr. Chamberlain, of Oregon

Mr. President: It has been truly said, Mr. President, that the "King of Terrors loves a shining mark," and never has this saying found stronger confirmation than when the pale messenger called from our midst Francis W. Cushman. I believe there has been no one in public life in recent years who in so short a time not only endeared himself to the people, but fixed for himself as well a permanent place in his country's history. His life is a splendid example of the possibilities under our form of government open to every young man who possesses capacity, integrity of purpose, courage, and energy. Not only was he in many respects like the immortal Lincoln in personal appearance, but in his mental processes, in his methods of expression, in his power of illustration, in his ability to state a great truth and drive it into the conscience and memory of those to whom he was addressing himself, his life found a parallel in that of the great war President. It may be true that his origin was not quite as humble as was that of Lincoln, but he was proud to boast that he came from the humbler walks of life, and it was by persistency of effort, close application to his books, and a careful study of the history of his country and of his times that he gradually worked himself up to an honored position in public life and gained for himself the enduring love of his constituents and of his countrymen.

I had neither the pleasure nor the honor of an intimate acquaintance with him, but the State which he so ably represented and where he was so much beloved was but a stone's throw from that which I have the honor in part to represent, and as one of his neighbors I learned long ago to respect and to admire his many excellent qualities of head and heart. The great State

which he represented was once a part of the Oregon country, and I believe that there is a feeling of attachment between the people of these two great Commonwealths that is closer and approaches more nearly to the feeling of love which is sometimes engendered in the breasts of individuals than is to be found between any other States in the Union, unless it be between the peoples of those other States which, like Washington, were carved out of the original territory which constituted the Oregon country of the early part of the last century.

Because of this patriotic attachment the people of Oregon took a peculiar interest in FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN and watched his phenomenal growth in influence and efficiency as a gifted public servant more closely than is ordinarily the case. Then, too, in all his public efforts he looked beyond the confines of his own State. Whilst he realized that he owed a large debt to his immediate constituents, yet, nevertheless, feeling that the interests of Oregon were identical with the interests of Washington, our people felt at liberty in every emergency to call upon him, knowing that their demands would receive the same careful, painstaking attention they would receive at the hands of their immediate representatives.

We can not fathom the mysterious ways of Providence, and we are sometimes struck with wonderment that death places its seal upon the man peculiarly endowed by nature with all the attributes necessary for usefulness in every walk of life and passes by the drone in society. It would seem that He who notes "the sparrow's fall" would safely keep and preserve beneath the protecting shadow of His wing the man of whom it may be writ as of Abou Ben Adhem, "he loved his fellowman," the man who is peculiarly endowed to serve as an exemplar and as a model for those who would sacrifice all for the "love of country and of kind." We do not rail at these mysterious dispensations of an all-wise Providence, but whenever

the visitation comes there is always present the regret that the gifted, the pure, the useful, can not be spared and those removed who neither by capacity nor by training can ever fit themselves for the best uses in life. And so when a man like FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, before he had reached the meridian of life and while he was just entering upon a career of usefulness, was called hence to give an account of the deeds done in the body, we could not but wonder that he was selected from amongst the thousands who were unfitted to serve "their country or their kind."

A history of his life, written by some one intimately acquainted with it from his boyhood days until his death, would be an inspiration to the young men of the country. The story of his early hardships, telling of the readiness with which he grappled and solved the problem of each day, of his devotion to duty, of his persistent determination to master whatever was given his hand to do, would stimulate all who might have an opportunity to read it to loftier aims and ambitions. Such a book, if it could in addition unveil the processes of his mind—and there are those with whom he was wont to discuss these things in the most intimate way—would indeed furnish food for deep reflection to those who love to study the mysterious movements of the minds. His grasp of things around him, whether affecting the more intimate relations of life or the community in which he lived, or his country, seemed to be most marvelous, and in the consideration of those things which tended to the amelioration of the evils which afflict the individual as well as the state, he reasoned intuitively and directly to the remedy that ought to be applied for their correction. His addresses in the House of Representatives and on public occasions were models of their kind, and there is no man in public life to-day for whom a more brilliant future was prophe-

sied. In all he said, while there was a vein of occasional humor, there was always a splendid and wholesome truth that was destined to remain for all time with those who were fortunate enough to hear him. And these remarkable addresses, whilst they seemed to have their birth in the impulse of the moment, were nevertheless the result of close application, intense study, and deep conviction.

There are distinguished Members of the House and of the Senate who have spoken and who will speak later with reference to the life and public services of the late distinguished Representative from Washington who were more intimately acquainted with all that concerned him than I, and I feel that I would be trespassing upon the time of the Senate to say more. I could not, however, let this opportunity pass to say a word for the people of Oregon, as well as for myself, in loving remembrance of a man who did not belong to any one State but who belonged to our whole country. He will long be remembered by the people of the Northwest as one who placed his love of country above every other consideration. In his public career he stood for all that goes to make for the noblest and highest in our system of government. In his death the country has lost a splendid public servant, the State a useful and exemplary citizen, and his devoted wife an indulgent and loving husband. Of him it might truly be said:

If everyone for whom he has done some kindly act could bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Address of Mr. Burkett, of Nebraska

Mr. President: I have listened to the beautiful words of tribute that have been spoken of our late lamented friend with the keenest personal appreciation. It is gratifying, indeed, to know that after a man has served his State and served his country he is appreciated, and that that appreciation can be expressed as it has been here to-day by those who served with him and knew him well. The words of eulogy which have been pronounced this afternoon have not only been well said, but they have been most fittingly said and equally merited. While I have not prepared any remarks in advance upon the life of Mr. Cushman, nevertheless it seems to me that I would be remiss in my duty and neglectful of my obligation to him as a friend if I failed to give some expression to my appreciation of his life and character.

It was my privilege to know Mr. Cushman during all the years that he served as a Member of Congress. He and I came here together in December, 1899. While he had formerly been a resident of the State of Nebraska, I had had no personal acquaintance with him until we came up the Capitol steps on the morning of the opening of the Fifty-sixth Congress. Together we went to the Hall of the House of Representatives, took seats near each other, and formed an acquaintance then and there which ripened into a friendship and an affection which continued until his untimely death. I think it is the common experience of us all that new Members of the same year get better acquainted and perhaps form closer friendships than others who come in several years apart. It is the friendship of boyhood, so to speak, genuine and lasting. Together we were mystified and depressed by the strange surroundings of

men and conditions and consumed in the distresses of our own insignificance. It was during those early days of our apprenticeship as national legislators when we were comparing notes and marking time that I learned to know and appreciate the man that FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN was. As has been said so many times here this afternoon, and as I have heard it said by everyone who has ever spoken in my hearing of Mr. CUSHMAN, only those who knew him could appreciate his generous heart, his sterling manhood, and his fearless disposition.

His love went out to every human being, and his sturdiness of purpose impressed itself upon all who came in contact with him. There was a ruggedness in his character and a simplicity in his manner that attracted to him everyone upon a first acquaintance, and then there was a genuineness of manhood about him in everything that he did that held him to you as long as you knew him.

It appealed to all those who came in contact with him that he was honest, that he was courageous, and that he was fearless in whatever he undertook to do. No man who has come to Congress during the dozen years that I have been here and have seen men come and go ever won the affection and esteem of his colleagues in shorter time nor held it more tenaciously than he did. He was most happy in the use of the English language, both as a public speaker and in conversation, for while his speech scintillated with wit, it neither offended the fastidious nor wounded even an adversary. His philosophy was of hope and good cheer, and his heart bubbled over with kindness and generosity even to those who differed with him in opinion. He recognized the right of every man to think as he would, and yet had the strongest faith in his own conclusions.

As I have listened to what has been said of him this afternoon it has seemed to me that his life and the position he attained among men is a most successful illustration, first,

of what men can make for themselves if they but utilize the opportunities that come to them, and, secondly, the power for good there is in men if they will but utilize their faculties in that direction. His career was not charted in advance and his pathway had not been blazed. What he achieved was the result of his own well-directed energy with the facilities and opportunities within the reach of every man.

He did not have anything to push him along, but rather he won the race in spite of adversity. He had no fortune and no birthright to fame when he started in life. What he did and what he achieved was accomplished by his industry and his ability to utilize the opportunities that came to him. In my judgment, more men fail in life's endeavor from their own neglect to utilize the facilities and opportunities that are common to all than because of lack of opportunity or lack of ability.

I have listened to Mr. CUSHMAN speak many times in the House of Representatives and elsewhere. His speeches always impressed me with the thought, and drove home that truth, of how big things, after all, are made up of the little things. He never made a speech, as some one has suggested here this afternoon, without holding the rapt attention of every hearer. He delighted every audience to which he ever spoke. He instructed everybody who listened to him. He drove home great truths of mighty importance with what he said, and yet his speech was made up, in large part, of the commonplace things of life that appealed to all men. With simple illustrations from the most ordinary experiences of life he illuminated his speech, elucidated his subject, and impressed upon the mind of every hearer the philosophy of his argument.

I remember hearing him convulse the House of Representatives with laughter, delight the galleries of people, and drive home a most important truth in the discussion he was making by a simple little barnyard scene that he pictured, in which he and

his uncle and an old cow were the principal actors. As I now recall the incident, he was rebuking those persons who are continually criticising certain economic policies of the Government, and yet who are prospering under those same policies. He said a man was milking his cow in fly time, and every time the cow switched her tail the man was cruel enough to give her a kick. After the process had gone on for some time and the cruelty had been repeated, his uncle suggested to the neighbor that, in his opinion, he should either quit kicking the cow or let loose of the teat.

He had a sturdiness of character, as has been so well said this afternoon by two or three Senators. However, he was not an extremist, although he was most persistent in what he believed to be right. But he had another valuable faculty that I learned to know very well. He was one of those who could work with others, from whom others could take counsel, and who could reciprocate by accepting ideas of theirs. During the first years of our service in the House of Representatives we had before us some of the great legislation in which he and I especially, being from that western country, were interested. He displayed in that time that faculty which, to my mind, is most important in a successful legislator, and that is the faculty of being able to work with other men. He was not intolerant of other people's opinions; he was very firm in his own convictions; he was unrelenting for those great principles for which he stood; but he was most tolerant, as I have said, of the opinions of others. Not only that, but he was able to cooperate with them, to give and take, to the end that something practical might be realized.

I remember during all the time we were confronted with the great irrigation problem from a legislative standpoint that there were two well-defined theories of how the irrigation proposition was to be worked out. There were those who believed

that it must be entirely under the control and supervision of the States, while others believed that it must be entirely under the supervision and control of the Federal Government. Mr. CUSHMAN had his ideas about that, but he joined with the rest of us in working out the proposition as it was finally enacted into the law that we are operating under to-day. In so doing he displayed, in my judgment, real statesmanship in being able to cooperate with others of his fellows so as to bring about results.

The man who comes into public life with notions so firmly fixed and methods so well defined that he can not change them can never be most successful as a legislator.

We oftentimes hear it said that legislation itself is a compromise. It is in a certain sense and must be. No man can serve in any legislative body for any length of time without realizing that all legislation must be a compromise. From the foundation of this Republic our legislation has been a series of compromises. I do not mean compromises in the vulgar sense, not in the spirit of trading principle for results, but upon detail. I heard once of a lawyer who it was said would rather be defeated on a technicality than win on the merits of the case. I have seen men in legislative halls who, it seemed to me, would rather lose the great principle for which they were contending than the form of words in which they wanted to clothe it.

The Constitution of the United States itself was a compromise—not of principle perhaps, but certainly of detail. Not a single man who was in the convention got that Constitution as he wanted it. Not a single section of that Constitution to-day is as it was originally introduced. It represented the composite picture of the minds of all the men who helped to frame it. There were oftentimes while that convention was sitting when it seemed that men would not be able to blend their judg-

ments and harmonize their differences. The convention was threatened with disruption and threatened with adjournment; and, in fact, was adjourned for a season because the delegates could not harmonize their differences of opinion. Wiser counsel prevailed and the result of the deliberations was that great document which, in the face of every prediction that was made in regard to it at home and abroad, has stood the test for more than a century, and seems to have grown stronger and better as the years have passed by.

If I have read to any purpose the history of those times in which our Constitution was made, it has been to teach me that there was not in that day, as to fundamental doctrines and as to fundamental policies for which this Government was to be created, any great difference of opinion. It was the wish and the purpose of all that this should be a great, free country, where every man should have equal opportunities and equal privileges before the law and in the sight of God.

But there was a great difference, as has been suggested by the Senator from Montana [Mr. Carter] this afternoon, as to the particular methods by which those great truths of liberty and equality should be worked out. They differed among themselves as to just how centralized the form of government should be, there were differences of opinion as to whether the State was to be the unit of representation or whether the individual was to constitute that unit in the National Legislature, but there never was a difference of opinion as to what this Government, when it was finally formulated, was to stand for and what it was to represent in the great galaxy of the nations.

So when men compromise, they compromise only on details, only as to the way the system shall be worked out. They do not, except perhaps in extreme and rare cases, compromise on fundamental principles and ideals, and when we speak of com-

promise in legislation we mean that we compromise only on matters of detail.

Of course the Constitution did not suit everybody. I do not believe, after reading pretty thoroughly the contemporary criticism of it, that it suited anybody; I am not saying that when we enact legislation that it will suit everybody.

I remember the irrigation bill, of which I have spoken, did not suit everybody in this country. In fact, I do not recall of hearing anybody who was interested in its passage but could criticise it in some particular, but it has worked out successfully, and perhaps has been better than if the particular plans of any individual or any set of individuals had been followed. That does not disturb me very much. I never expect to see legislation enacted that will suit everybody. We are a large country. We are in every zone large in territory—diversified in our industries and cosmopolitan in our population. We represent, as has been stated, all nationalities of people. From all the nations of the world people have come to America, and here in the crucible of stern reality we have developed, as we believe, the highest type of civilization the world has ever seen. But under the conditions which surround us, with men in Congress representing agricultural districts, and manufacturing districts, and mining districts, and stock-raising districts, and all the different vocations and callings that there are in this country, and representing as they do all professions and creeds and nationalities, it is not surprising that there are great differences of opinion, and it is not to be wondered at that Congress, with all good intentions, is not able to pass legislation that will meet the approval of such a cosmopolitan constituency. It is because of such conditions that a man of CUSHMAN'S type and capabilities is so useful in the halls of Congress.

I have often thought that these facts that I have been reciting was a stronger argument and, perhaps, a more lasting argument against too great centralization of power and authority and prerogative in the Federal Government than the other fact that the power of the Federal Government is limited by the terms of the Constitution. We could, under stress of circumstances, change the Constitution; but we never can change the fact that it is 3,000 miles from New England to California; that we are living in the tropical zone and the temperate zone and in the arctic zone; that we are living in agricultural regions and in mining districts; that we are dependent in some sections on manufactures and in some on agriculture. All that means that the less the General Government has to do with reference to the local internal affairs of any given community the better satisfied that particular locality is liable to be with legislation. I am not one of those who would shrink from a single duty of the Federal Government, but, on the other hand, I think so much of home rule that I would hesitate to reduce the authority of the States. I confess that federal incorporation laws, federal insurance laws, and federal divorce laws have not appealed to me with the same force that they apparently have to some others. The less that New York and New England has to do with making laws for us out in Nebraska the better they will suit us, and from what I know of their ideas in some particulars I imagine the feeling is reciprocated. But in every federal law all the States are represented, and the broader the territory covered the more difficult it is to satisfy any particular community.

So I say, because our people are so diversified in their industries, so different in their interests, and so widely disagreeing in their thinking; because of their difference of nationality, and their different environment, and their different political education, we shall never be able to concentrate successfully in one

central government the control of local affairs in the different communities of this country.

Mr. President, I have but a word to say further. As has been so well said this afternoon, the life of a man like Mr. CUSHMAN is an inspiration to everybody. He has told me something of the struggles and trials that he had to endure as a young man. The life and achievements of a man born under those environments, reared under those conditions, trained in that school of adversity, if I may use that term, are an inspiration, as has been said, to every man in the land, for it makes us to realize that here in America under our flag the high position which he attained in the affections of his fellow-men and in the history of his country can be attained by a man who was born to the more lowly walks of life.

I mourn his death as the loss of a warm personal friend; I mourn his death as the loss of a broad-minded statesman, one who was broad enough to appreciate the problems and the questions that confront the people in every section of this vast domain, and to be a successful and a competent legislator for the whole country. His vision was broad enough to see 46 States of the Republic and 90,000,000 of people.

His death was untimely. His life was short in years. It seemed sad that he must be called just when life was opening up in so large a way, and yet, as I think over it, Mr. CUSHMAN lived more than the allotted years in the measure of what he accomplished and in what he achieved in the affections and hearts of the people who knew him. He will live always in the annals of the American Republic, and his name is indelibly written in the history of his country. And after all, as I have often thought and often said, it is by what men do that they are measured, and it is for what they accomplish that they are loved and esteemed.

Mr. CUSHMAN played his part as a citizen of this Republic heroically and courageously. He performed his work as a Representative in Congress with all the diligence and conscientiousness that he would have devoted to his own personal affairs.

He was a good man and a good citizen. He did his duty as he saw it in the sight of God, and defied, if necessary, the criticisms of man.

Address of Mr. Burton, of Ohio

Mr. President: I am prompted to utter some words in eulogy upon Mr. Cushman, not only because he was a personal friend, but more because for strength of character and marked individuality he deserves to stand in the very forefront among the men whom I have known. Happy is that man of such type that his life affords a permanent lesson and inspiration to others. Of such a type was Mr. Cushman.

I have been strongly impressed by the similarity of his character to that of the great martyr, Abraham Lincoln. Those who knew them both say they were strikingly alike in figure. They were also alike in that each was possessed of a genial humor, a marked development of the logical faculty, and felicity of illustration. Then, too, each alike had his strain of melancholy, so often conjoined with a sense of humor. In addition, Mr. Cushman suffered from ill health, but he did not on account of that allow himself to dwell in any caves of gloom or lead a life of hesitation or inanition. Too many men who suffer from indisposition or ill health are like stranded hulks. The tides of life go by, leaving them unmoved and without participation in the events of the time.

It was not so with Mr. Cushman. If he at any time suffered, he bore it with fortitude, and endeavored to derive from it in a measure a certain spur for his work, utilizing for his benefit that which is so often a destructive enemy to others.

Among the circumstances which made of him a really great man and one worthy to rank as a statesman, I think should be mentioned first his poverty. He did not suffer that poverty which is associated with squalor or hunger, but his life and that of his parents was one of lowliness in which every day

must have its burdens to be met, a life in which existence was in a measure a struggle. But no doubt he gained injunctions at his father's and mother's knee of far more value than would have been granted him by the possession of broad acres or the ownership of large amounts of securities.

It is clear that in this country of ours competition is so sharp that in certain important branches of endeavor none except those who have the discipline, the impulse to labor, and that spur to ambition which attaches to poverty, can succeed.

In the great legal profession there may be now and then the fortunate son of wealthy parents, but the richest rewards of labor belong to those who from their childhood have been inured to constant toil and to hardships.

This new world of ours is one in which those who hope to succeed must be up and doing. There is no more valuable possession or valuable inheritance than that which comes from beginnings among the poor and the lowly. This training of CUSHMAN'S also gave him a sympathy with humanity and led him to look upon the people about him as all alike, created by the same God. It caused him to consider man as man irrespective of wealth, of rank, and of station, and gave him thus the spirit of true democracy.

It gave him also, I may say, a higher patriotism. For what does this framework of government of ours exist except for the maintenance of equality, for the holding of the protecting shield over the weak and the wronged? It is not enough that order should be preserved, that property rights should be protected, but in this great Republic of ours there must be opportunity for all; and in appreciating that fact, Mr. CUSHMAN, because of his early days, had an education more valuable than the training of any college or university.

Next I would call attention to his association with varied types of people—with the section men on the railroad, with the

cowboys on the plains, with workmen in the lumber camp. Then he had experience as a school-teacher, which affords a great discipline in the knowledge of human nature. All this made of him a man whom some would describe as many-sided, but at any rate, it gave him a ready judgment of men, a perception of the feelings and aspirations of all the people with whom he associated. In this regard he had an education somewhat akin—I make the comparison again—to that which Lincoln possessed.

Then, too, he lived on the track of the pioneers. He was born in Iowa, later was in Wyoming, passing then to Nebraska, and then migrating to the Pacific coast. There is a strength, a prowess, in the pioneer which is typical of our advancing civilization; not that I would praise restlessness, but the spirit of adventure, the desire to found new States and communities, is one of the strongest features in our American life.

If ever the time comes, as I trust it may, when the war drum shall beat no more, there will still exist the army of the pioneers, "an army never disbanding, always advancing, made up of the strong and the fearless, the progressive and adventurous, shrinking from no obstacle, seeking alike the fairest spots on the earth's surface and the barren sides of the mountain; builders of States and makers of nations; they march everywhere with steady tread, over mountain and valley, carrying no flags of conquest, but transforming the wilderness and the desert; they are the typical Americans, always building better than they knew, and building more than they knew."

In this great movement of the pioneers he had a part. He associated with them, with those who had been new settlers, and was himself, I may say, a partaker in these enterprises for the settlement of new States.

Perhaps the most prominent part he had in legislation was for our new possessions in Alaska. Indeed, one man has said

that Benjamin Harrison and FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN have framed the laws for Alaska.

He was also alert for his own State, and at the same time never allowed himself to be led aside from the general interest of the country into a desire to promote a mere section or part. It is true on one occasion he was quite strenuous in asserting that the State of Washington had not received proper recognition in certain legislation that was pending in Congress, but that was rather because of a sense of fairness and responsibility, I take it, than from any disposition to be regarded as a mere representative of a locality.

Mr. President, the career of a legislator here is more or less discouraging, sometimes disheartening, and the question arises, What is the monument left by FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN; what reminder will there be of his work? It sometimes seems that our labor here is characterized by hope without realization, labor without accomplishment, and devotion to duty without reward. More or less, the work of every man, however eminent he may be, is ephemeral. Statutes are written that were drawn by him, but they disappear in the great mass of the statutory law. The statute may be known by the name of some individual, but, nevertheless, that individual receives scant credit for his accomplishments.

I take it the monument of Mr. CUSHMAN will be in his ten years' service here for the country, in the lesson of his life. Some may forget his eloquent words—and they were eloquent—but he was one who, in a time of great progress, labored hard for his State and for his country. Possibly the time will come when we speak of the changing front of the world, when the Pacific coast shall assume an importance far and away beyond that of the Atlantic; probably it is safe to say that the time will come when the State of Washington will within its borders contain a population exceeding even that of the proud Empire State,

for its future no one can measure. In all this progress the people of Washington, the people of the country, whether CUSHMAN has a monument or not in stone or bronze, will look to him as one who, with patriotism, with industry, with an accurate grasp of the future, and, more than all, with a gentle heart, labored hard for his Commonwealth and for his country.

50945—H. Doc. 995, 61-2——9

Address of Mr. Hughes, of Colorado

Mr. President: Two incidents in the life of Mr. Cushman, one of which first invited my attention to his qualities as man and orator, and the last a notable exhibition of the position he had won in public life, I think present the most dramatic contrast of the possibilities in American life which in the career of one individual I have observed.

Some years ago, in the city of Omaha, my attention was drawn to the fact that Mr. Cushman, whom I had met on the western border of Nebraska, had been subjected to a cruel accusation and a most unjust incarceration; and that at last, when nothing could be found to warrant either, he had been discharged and then permitted in court to speak in his own behalf. My informant was a trained lawyer who had won distinction and renown in his profession, and with him was one who graced this Chamber. He spoke of the speech of Cushman as the most remarkable utterance, under all the circumstances, he had ever heard. In that early utterance, delivered after such an ordeal, we find all the characteristics of the life and accomplishments of Mr. Cushman.

I recall a few words from that speech as displaying the sterling character, the intrepid courage, the eloquence, the genius of the man, which brought him a success forever effacing the slightest possibility of a taint upon his honor and his fame as a result of the injustice, the wicked injustice, which official carelessness or malice had inflicted upon him. He said:

> I am not now speaking to secure my release. That has already been accorded me. I do not linger here to make a defense which is necessary, but simply a statement of the facts regarding the outrage of which I have been the victim.

First, I demand that my vindication in this matter be as public as my accusation. My arrest was heralded from the house tops and will travel to the uttermost confines of the State, where the whisper of my release will never go. The news of my arrest has flown back to my friends that I have left, and suspicion has fallen on me like a dark and blackened cloud. The distorted rumor of this thing will precede me in my journey like a filthy odor wafted on the wings of the summer wind. Here in this court room with all possible publicity was I charged with this crime, and here in the same place I demand my vindication.

And again he said:

That I would commit any crime is preposterous, but I would rather die than sin against this Government. If there is one spot in my heart that is more tender than another, one impulse of my soul that thrills quicker than all others, it is my love for this Government. This Government my ancestors helped to found; they helped to preserve it from destruction after it was founded; and its purity and perpetuity are a part of my life.

And, in concluding, he said:

Had I been guilty, my own kin, regardless of their bond, would have counseled me to flee, for even with that foul load of dishonor upon me, the remnant of their love would have clung to me wherever I fled in criminal exile. Let no man accuse me of vaunting the virtues of my own family when I say that tender solicitude and open-handed generosity toward one another are unfailing attributes of the whole race. By them filthy coin is never weighed in the same scale by which our joint happiness is measured. Never a misfortune weighed down one which the outpouring of the little all of the remainder would avert. Then, does any sane man say that when only restrained by the pitiful and pusillanimous $500 I would have remained to meet this charge, of which, if proven guilty, the punishment is imprisonment for half a lifetime? No man who knows how I love liberty and despise wealth will believe that.

And now that I am dismissed, it is wondered why I linger here to make this explanation. Yes; after I have been causelessly arrested and detained for twenty-three days I am now dismissed with a blot upon my name and a stain upon my reputation. I can now go and rebuild what some one else has torn down. I can now commence to repair what has cost me the labor of my little lifetime to build up and what some one else

has wantonly destroyed in a single hour. But I am dismissed! What an unreasonable fellow I must be to object after I have been dismissed! I am not here, if you please, hunting for a dismissal, but demanding a vindication. A mere dismissal might afford a sufficient hole for a guilty whelp to crawl out of, but it is no doorway for an innocent man to walk through. That dismissal is, of course, payment in full for all that I have suffered in mind and body, and I presume it is a full legal tender for the tears of my mother when she read the account of this filthy thing, and I was imprisoned and not allowed to send her a little message and tell her it was all a false and damnable lie!

This was the doctrine of the cowboy of the Plains, of the humble school-teacher in the country district, of the humblest of laborers upon the railroad line, when his heart was aroused by an injustice and he sought to vindicate the name which he loved and honored.

No doubt it was a dark hour in the life of FRANCIS CUSHMAN as he turned his face still to the west and sought out his new home in Washington, knowing, as he said, that as a precursor of his coming would be a herald of this foul and unfounded accusation. And yet in the brief period of a short political life the people in this new home came to know him and to honor him.

The last time that I had an opportunity to meet him and speak with him was during the extraordinary session of Congress, and toward the close of the debate upon the tariff in the House. I was there listening to the discussion which had attracted the attention, not merely of this great Republic, but of the entire world. A whisper went about that CUSHMAN was going to speak, and when he rose there fell a hush upon that assembly which had almost been turbulent but a moment before, and he delivered one of those rare, charming, attractive utterances which had come to be deemed characteristic of him. I thought of these two pictures in his life, the lonely cowboy, fresh from the insult of the vile durance to which he had been

subjected, speaking before a great court in the language of indignant vindication of his own honor in words that stir and thrill us now, and the tribute paid to his worth, to his character, to his ability by the great assemblage of the Representatives of the American people.

I have thought since, Mr. President, as I think now, that in these two chapters in the life of Mr. CUSHMAN we have the greatest imaginable demonstration of the opportunities which this country presents to ability and of the justice which in the end it meets out to its public men.

So great was his talent, so indomitable his courage, that no disappointment, no humiliation could long restrain him. He went out into the great and growing West, of which he was soon a typifying part; he grew with it; he became thoroughly identified with it; and he came here to the Capitol to represent and speak in single-hearted devotion in its behalf. How well he performed his duty to it, how fully he earned the honors it gave him, it is needless for me to recall. All those who associated with him in the House of Representatives, all those who were called upon in the discharge of public duty to meet him, to read his utterances, learned that he was a great American Representative. He spoke for the young but mighty West, the West which so often in these Halls has been represented by the strong men of the country; for there has never been an hour in the growth of this Nation, as westward we have pushed the fringe of our settlement and civilization, when the characters of strength and patriotism of whom we have boasted proudly have not come frequently and abundantly out of the new land.

In the days when Tennessee was a new settlement there came Jackson and White to this Chamber, and other kindred spirits followed. So from Illinois we had a Douglas and a Lincoln in the infancy of that State. When Michigan was yet

in the swaddling clothes of statehood Lewis Cass came here to represent and speak in her behalf and to splendidly serve all the people; and so from Indiana and Ohio came, early in their history, statesmen of power and force. Then when you cross what for years was the western line of our settlements and come to my native State, the hour of its birth as a State witnessed the advent into this body of Thomas Benton, who for thirty years was a prominent figure in its debates, and who, as the great and sturdy defender and representative of the West, fought its battles always and won its victories until it obtained the opportunities which its resources demanded.

Who will question the beneficent course of western growth? Who will question the high character of its development? I sometimes wonder, when I read or hear disparaging remarks of the West and observe a sort of effort to create the impression that there is something uncouth and uncultured in it, why those who utter such expressions do not recall that we are their sons and their brothers, with just a little stronger touch of the wanderlust in our blood, a little more of the courage for and love of adventure in our hearts, and a little more of the old-time spirit that opened up the wilderness and extended the borders of this Republic from ocean to ocean, than have they who are happy and contented about the homestead hearth which they are content to enjoy.

I trust the day will come when a more perfect knowledge of the great West shall be so complete that the line of unjust discrimination will no longer be drawn. Whether that hour comes willingly or unwillingly, it is coming, and coming fast. Its delay can not be long secured, and when it comes it will be remembered that just such qualities, just such endowments, and just such hearts as made up the sum total of the splendid character presented by Mr. CUSHMAN are truly typical of the West.

The people of that teeming and growing land love the Republic; they are ready to defend it, to battle for it. They wish justice for themselves, and no more eloquent tongue than FRANCIS CUSHMAN'S has pleaded more powerfully and persistently the cause of that justice here and elsewhere. I trust that a tribute to his appeals will come in the recognition of that for which he battled. He has reared his own monument.

It has been said that in his youth he bore the curse of poverty. It has been responded here to-day, and how truthfully, that poverty is never a curse to youth; it is often its richest blessing. I have often thought that the happiest combination which could come would be that the fathers and mothers might all be wealthy and have the comforts which are so gratifying in their old days which wealth brings, and that all the boys should be poor until they had fought their own battles, won their own successes, and achieved their own independence.

I trust that some of these modern inventors of new things may find a way to legislate so that this happy combination may be accomplished. I think it would delight us all to know that while they will not be bound down too long by some of the things we had to endure ourselves and which were irksome when endured, but are a happy memory now when we have lived through them, they might be tested, developed, made strong and self-reliant by them.

Mr. President, I did not agree in political thought with Mr. CUSHMAN. On the day of this last meeting with him, to which I have referred, I walked from the House to this Chamber with him and spoke of his speech. I said then, and I can repeat the utterance now with sincerity, "I heard every word of it, was charmed by its eloquence, its sarcasm, its homely and apt illustration, the patriotism which ran like a golden thread through it all; but," I said to Mr. CUSHMAN, "I do not agree with your

political economy, I am absolutely opposed to your political philosophy, but yet I think you made one of the finest speeches I have ever heard."

I rejoice, Mr. President, to know that the friendships of this life know no party lines; that we can recognize these charming companionships which sweeten life and make it endurable, though they break down and pass over the artificial distinctions and separations which we have erected in creating parties themselves. It was with this idea that I came to esteem and to find pleasure in the success and in the victories which were won by Mr. CUSHMAN, and to whom there were many yet coming, in all the probabilities of human life, when his untimely death brought loss to the Nation and sorrow to all his friends.

Address of Mr. Jones, of Washington

Mr. President: I come not on this occasion to philosophize upon the mysteries of life and death nor to speculate upon the hereafter. Nor shall I especially eulogize the public life and character of him whose death we mourn. That has been done in words more eloquent than I can utter in the House of Representatives, of which he was so long a useful and honored Member and by those who have preceded me.

I come to pay the tribute of my heart to him who was my close friend through ten years of common public service, and whose relationship was almost that of brother to brother. Words are as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" when we attempt through them to portray the emotions of the human heart regarding those we love. And so it is that, on occasions of this kind, our love is more eloquently expressed by silence. The heart can feel what the lips can not utter.

Francis W. Cushman was my friend. We entered public life together and so continued to the end. In 1898 we were both nominated at large for Representatives in Congress on the Republican ticket. The contest seemed almost hopeless. In 1896 the State had gone overwhelmingly for the Democratic ticket. Our opponents were the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis and the Hon. William C. Jones, Members of Congress, able, eloquent, and strong with the people. But few Republicans hoped for success. Mr. Cushman himself looked only for defeat. I well remember receiving a letter from him two or three weeks before the close of the campaign, in answer to one of mine in which I had expressed a belief in our success, in which he said: "Jones, I admire your nerve, but I have little confidence in your judgment. We will be defeated by about fifteen hundred."

We were elected by nearly four thousand majority, and, on the 4th of March, 1899, the ambition of his life was realized; he had become a Member of the House of Representatives, in his estimation the greatest legislative body on earth. He often expressed his pride in being permitted to represent his beloved State in this branch of "his country's Congress."

For ten years he was chosen at large by increased majorities to represent his State, being nominated each time by acclamation, and at the time of his death he was serving his sixth term as a Representative from the second district. Well and faithfully did he discharge his trust, reflecting credit upon his people and securing fame and renown for himself. As a wit and an orator his reputation was nation-wide. On the hustings, at the banquet board, and in the House he pleased, entertained, and instructed, and engaged in flights of eloquence seldom surpassed. His work was not for himself, not for honor, although he was extremely proud of the honors conferred upon him, but for the people who trusted him. He knew their needs, wants, and desires. The humblest could come to him just as freely as the highest. In fact, he would give them more attention, because he felt they needed him more.

Mr. CUSHMAN and I served together, representing the same constituency, ten years. He, Mr. Humphrey, and I served together six years, and during our entire service we worked together for our people as one man. During that entire period not a single unpleasant incident marred our relations and no difference of opinion or action occurred upon any important matter; and he contributed his full share to this harmonious relationship.

He was a most lovable character. In friendships he was as true as steel. His friends were legion and everyone had a kind word, and was not afraid to express it, for "dear old CUSH."

No man could charge him with ingratitude. He was always trying to do for those who had done for him and often expressed his regret that he could do so little to show his gratitude for the favors he had received. He was as tender and sympathetic as a child and on account of this was often imposed upon. This caused him no regret, however, because he had had the pleasure that comes from the performance of a good deed.

He was absolutely honest. He wronged no man; he betrayed no trust. His public life gave the lie to that vile slander, too generally believed by the thoughtless, that the honest and incorruptible legislator is the exception and not the rule. He was absolutely honest in thought and deed as a man and as a legislator. Nor was he the exception in this. It should be known of all men, and should be a source of pride to everyone, that not only Members of Congress, but officials in high position, are almost without exception men of unimpeachable integrity and honesty, both in public and private life, in deed and purpose; and those who would lead the people to believe otherwise are the worst enemies the Republic can have. We are too prone to impeach the character and question the motives of those who differ from us in opinion and, in so doing, we not only injure them, but we undermine the confidence of the people in our Government and its institutions. It is to be regretted that there is a great tendency to-day to ascribe the most sinister motives to men of the highest character and whose lives and ability have done much to make our country great and glorious simply because they do not agree with our opinions or lend their support to measures in which we believe. Differing with us, they are corrupt and the enemies of the people. Agreeing with us, they would be the benefactors of humanity and patriots.

I hope the day soon will come when men's motives will not be questioned or their characters attacked simply because they

do not agree with us as to what policies shall be pursued or what steps shall be taken to accomplish a common and much-desired purpose. Our public men are honest. They are devoted to the interests of the people. They are not the champions of "special interests." They are all patriotic.

Mr. CUSHMAN was a man of intense convictions, but he never failed to credit honest motives and loyal purposes to those who differed from him. He was tenacious of his own views, but most tolerant of others.

He was a brilliant man. He had a power of expression scarcely surpassed. Although possessed of great natural ability and seemingly instinctively gifted with a most peculiar power of striking expression, his great success was really due to hard work and careful preparation. He did not engage often in general discussion. His speeches were the result of long preparation. He often expressed to me his regret that he did not feel prepared to engage more frequently in the general discussion of measures of general legislation. Had he lived, however, I believe he soon would have shown his ability in general discussion, because he was storing his mind with the knowledge and facts that are so essential for this kind of debate.

In the use of sarcasm and invective he was a master, and he was an exception among those who use these keen, incisive weapons of the public speaker in that he left no wound or sting in the individual against whom they were aimed. As a rule he used these weapons against principles and ideas and not against the individual, and he was so earnest and honest in what he said and did that his opponents never felt that they were the ones at whom his aim was directed. His very earnestness took from his darts their sting without destroying their effectiveness.

He was from the people and continued one of them. Before his election to Congress he was "FRANK" or "CUSH," and to

the close of his life he was "FRANK" or "Old CUSH." The humblest of his constituents was just as dear to him as the most powerful. In fact, the poorer and more helpless those who sought his aid, the more considerate and earnest was he in their behalf and the more of his personal attention would he give to their needs and requests. He was indeed the servant of all the people, regardless of their station or condition.

He loved his gun and his rod. His joy in handling or owning a new gun or fishing rod was that of a child, and it was a delight to see and hear him express his pleasure. He loved to fish, and from one year to the next he looked forward to a fishing trip he was wont to take with two or three dear friends over in Mason County along its beautiful mountain streams. He was intense in his fishing, as in everything else. He did his share of the packing and cooking and was the life of the camp with his stories and quaint sayings. He saw the beauty in the forests, the grandeur in the lofty mountains, and he heard the music of the rippling waters and the thunderous cascades. His soul heard the "cry of the wild" and hearkened to it, and to-day none so love and cherish his memory as those boon companions who shared with him the burdens of the camp, the pleasures of the forest, mountain, and stream, and whose lives were made happier by his entrancing stories and unaffected simplicity.

He was a brave man. He was honest and sincere in his opinions and courageous in expressing them. He was pleased to be in accord with his fellows, but he did not fear to oppose their wishes and desires when contrary to his matured judgment, and no threat or intimation of retaliation, political or otherwise, could swerve him from his purpose. He cared as much for popular approval as any man, but no man would deviate less from his conception of the right to gain it than he.

The life of FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN should be an inspiration to every honest, ambitious boy in the land. Success does not

depend upon accident, birth, or wealth, but largely upon our own efforts and our own willingness to make use of our talents and the opportunities that present themselves to us. His life proves that political success does not depend upon wealth or dishonesty. He was nominated for Congress in the first instance largely because in prior campaigns he had not only demonstrated his ability but because he had shown his willingness to give his time and talents in support of the principles in which he believed and to go wherever and whenever he was needed. He went to the little country schoolhouse just as cheerfully as to the large city hall, and when a strong man was needed to lead a forlorn hope his party naturally turned to him. He was a poor man. He had no money to spend to influence votes. He simply went to the people; talked to them, met as many as possible, and left his cause in their hands. This same course he followed during all of his career. Not one dollar did FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN spend improperly to secure at any time either his nomination or election. What higher political tribute could be paid to him or to the people whom he so ably and honorably represented? No young man need be discouraged from seeking an honorable position in which to serve the people and his country because he has not money, carping pessimists to the contrary notwithstanding. Not only is this true in the State of Washington, but I want to believe it true of the entire country. Worth, honesty, integrity, industry, and faithfulness will command success anywhere in this grand Republic, either in private or public endeavor.

Mr. CUSHMAN was an intense partisan. He believed in the principles of his party, not because they were the principles of his party, but because he believed they were for the best interests of his country. His party faith was a part of his patriotism. On this theory he was a firm believer in a protective

tariff. He did not believe in it for the sake of so-called special interests. He knew no "special interests." He did know that you can not injure one business in the country without injuring all. He did know that if you strike at the strong in our industrial life, the weak are the first to suffer from the blow. He was a protectionist "without stuttering."

In the protective tariff he saw prosperity for his country; in it he saw employment for the laborer at good wages, and a happy home and family; a good market for the farmer's produce, and farms without mortgages, and the farmer's wife and children happy, prosperous, and contented; the merchant a steady custom and a good bank account. In it he saw prosperous banks, filled with the money of every class of our citizenship; railroads built in every direction, to carry the products of the farm and factory to market. In it he saw factories running day and night to supply the needs of a prosperous people. In it he saw a principle that, in his judgment, was for the prosperity and happiness of every man, woman, and child in the Republic. He believed in it as a principle applicable not in spots, but to the entire country and to every industry, and he had no patience with that theory of protection that would protect one section and its products and then strive to deny it to another section and its products. In the debate on the present tariff law he expressed his position in this plain language:

I am a consistent protectionist. My protectionism rises superior to my selfishness. I am willing to protect the barley of Minnesota, and I ask similar protection for the lumber of my own State. I am consistent.

And I say that the man on this floor who wants to protect his own little industry but is willing to see his neighbor's industry destroyed is not a protectionist; he is just a plain political cannibal, willing to have his neighbor eaten up if he can be saved.

Here is the eminent gentleman from Minnesota, who proclaims his Republicanism in the very moment when he is deserting the principles

of that party. Sir, I am here to impugn the Republicanism of any man who wants a tariff of nearly a dollar a grain on barley and who does not want a tariff of a cent per thousand on lumber.

Sir, my political faith is a matter of conviction and not of convenience. I do not change my politics when I change my residence.

Almost a quarter of a century ago I lived in Nebraska. It was a great prairie State, with little or no forests. But I believed in a tariff on lumber then just the same as I do now.

If I moved away from the State of Washington, which is a great lumber State, and went back to Nebraska, I would carry my convictions back with me, even if I had no visible assets.

But some men cry out: "Oh, it is not going to hurt the lumber business to remove the tariff." Sir, those men give the lie to their language by showing the tenacity with which they cling to protection for each little product of their own.

My friends, this is a matter that comes close home to me. I have never appealed on this floor for any privilege or protection which I was not willing to concede to all other people and all other sections. In relation to this whole tariff bill I have stood openly and aboveboard for a fair measure of protection to every legitimate American industry. And having been that fair and generous to others, I do not want the one great industry which means more for the prosperity and happiness of my people made a vicarious sacrifice to gratify the selfishness of any man.

His last great effort in behalf of his people was to protect their industries from the assaults of those who, while insisting upon protection for their own products, would deny it to those of his people, and his last great speech was in defense of his people and their industries and in favor of the fair and equal application of the principle in which he so strongly believed. He stated clearly in this speech the principles that governed his public action and political career, principles which should govern every man trusted and honored by his people. He said:

I will say to you all, in conclusion, that the matters upon which I have spoken to-day—both lumber and coal—are industries that are very close to my heart.

We have 110,000 people in my State of Washington who work as labor ers in the sawmill industry. Counting four members to the family, that makes 440,000 mouths that are fed by this industry in my State alone—practically a half a million people. This is not a trifling matter that I have been discussing.

We do not ask anything that is unfair. We ask only the same measure of protection for our industry that the Republican party accords to other people and other industries.

I realize that my side of this question is the unpopular side, but as God is my witness, I know it is the right side. Is has been my duty to present these matters to you as best I could. I ask gentlemen not to be swept away from what is right by a temporary tide of popularity.

Unfortunately, as it seems to me, there are some men in public life during these days who are more anxious to find out what is popular than they are to determine what is right.

I have known men in my lifetime who made themselves hump-shouldered and wrynecked keeping one ear to the ground listening for the rumble of popular approval, but who never raised their eyes toward heaven searching for the signals of the truth.

Mr. Chairman, speaking for myself, I have certain fixed political beliefs and convictions. They may not be the wisest, but such as they are I entertain them honestly. I am so constituted morally that I can not put these convictions on a wheelbarrow and trundle them around after any political acrobat, however exalted his position or pleasing his personality. One of the convictions I have cherished since my young manhood is my unshaken belief in and my unwavering adherence to the policy of protection to American industries, and where the pathway of my youth led there the feet of my manhood are still marching. And the history of this Nation throughout all the years that lie between amply vindicates my judgment.

And if, perchance, some people in this Nation to-day may be wavering in their allegiance to that splendid principle, that constitutes no reason for me to change—that is all the more reason why those of us who have the courage of our convictions should stand by our principles.

Political death has no terrors for me when it looms athwart the path of duty. He who has the faith to march to political death for an immortal principle is sustained and soothed by an approving conscience, and he

sees in the sun as it goes down the blessed reflection of a coming dawn that shall be the signal of his political resurrection. But the political infidel who has no economic convictions, save the changing murmur of the multitude, when political death overtakes him his miserable image passes forever into the changeless night, uncomforted by the companionship of heroic recollections of the blessed hope of a future day.

Sir, in the political life of America those who have eternally chased shifting public opinion at the sacrifice of principle are not those who have eventually planted their feet upon the serene and lofty summit. The men who are willing to accept defeat for principle rather than to capitulate for the spoils of office are the men whose treasured memories to-day constitute the noblest heritage of this Republic.

These words show his fairness, his earnestness, his sincerity, his courage, and his political honesty far better than could any words of mine.

I said he was a partisan. His party fealty was shown in the passage of the present tariff law. When it was ready to be voted upon it was not satisfactory to him, not because it was not low enough, but because he felt that the products of his State were not accorded that protection which they were entitled to under a really just application of the doctrine of protection, but, knowing that all important legislation is the result of compromise, willing to yield his individual judgment to the judgment of the great majority of his party, and willing to accede to a partial sacrifice of his own interests for what was deemed the public good, he joined with that majority in passing the measure, after voicing most strongly his protest and stating the broad, patriotic ground upon which he gave his assent. In doing so he thus stated his views:

Mr. Speaker, I trust that every man in this House will understand that I realize full well the meaning of this resolution and the effect it is likely to have, if adopted, upon the mighty lumber and coal interests of my home district. But, Mr. Speaker, in my mind, above and beyond the local interests of my own district there rises the welfare of the entire

90,000,000 people in this Nation. Therefore, let me pass by for a moment my own personal interest and speak of the welfare of the Nation at large.

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I do not claim to be wiser or more patriotic than my political brethren on this floor, but I, for one, want to see this tariff bill passed, and passed soon, whether it exactly suits me or not. It ill becomes any man to set up his own little interest against the great and overpowering welfare of this Nation at large. Speaking for myself alone, I thank God that my Republicanism is a little deeper than my selfishness.

I do not know that he professed any special religious belief. I do know he would not intentionally wrong anyone. He was always ready to assist the poor, the needy, the suffering, and the helpless. He was ever ready to condemn the wrong and to uphold the right; and this is a pretty good creed to live by and, I believe, to die by. The only expression I know of from his lips as to the future was uttered in a tribute to a dear friend of his who had passed to the beyond, and it applies most strikingly to himself and his life. He said:

His daily life constituted the essence of religion—that practical and enduring religion that manifested itself rather in good deeds done for others than in selfish prayers voiced for himself. And those are the fundamental qualities in man, without which neither church nor state can endure.

The hope that I chiefly cherish as to the hereafter is that some time, some place, somewhere beyond the darkness of the grave, I may meet again, in substance or in shadow, the choice and master spirits I have known, of whom he was one. As to what lies beyond the grave, I do not know. Poor mortals that we are, we peer into the impenetrable shadows that lie beyond the tomb. We only hope; we do not know. But if there be an existence after death, a realm beyond the stars where the good, the brave, and the true meet their just reward, then we, his friends, know that, unvexed by pain and unshadowed by care, our friend is resting to-day in that "island valley of Avalon, where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow."

Thus spoke the man who loved his fellow-men, whose heart beat in sympathy with them in their suffering, and whose hand was ever ready to assist in their distress.

My friend is gone. His life of forty-two years, though short, was long enough to demonstrate the possibilities of honest and well-directed efforts in our Republic. Born to poverty, he fought its battles and achieved honor and fame. Having attained greatness, he despised not his low estate. True to himself, he could not be false to any man. His life is a star of hope to every poor, struggling lad of this Republic, pointing the way to that success which comes through energy, industry, perseverance, honesty, and a faithful adherence to the right.

His love for mankind and his confidence in it, his intense love for his country and its institutions, and his reverence for its flag inspired ennobling and patriotic impulses in all who came in contact with him. His kindness, his love, his achievements, and his triumphs are a precious memory to his loving wife, mother, and brother, who mourn his departure. To have enjoyed his friendship I count a priceless heritage.

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